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James Phillips, Jr.

BY

WALTER DE BLOIS BRIGGS

HIS GRANDSON

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JAMES PHILLIPS, JR.

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TO

Grace Morton Parker

Preface

WHEN one is faced with the problem of writing a biography, it is an important help to have the diary and personal letters of the man whose life is being surveyed. Unfortunately, my grandfather did not keep a diary, and, with very few exceptions, all his letters that had been kept by my family were destroyed in the fire that swept over Berkeley, California, in 1923. Another difficulty met in writing this biography is of my grandfather's own doing. He was an exceedingly modest man, and did his utmost to keep himself in the background. Though an experienced newspaper man, he shrank from personal publicity and was always careful to see that his name was kept out of print.

While certain difficulties have been met in writing this biography, much assistance has also been given to me. Preparatory work was done by my mother who read over and selected letters in her possession. She also supplied many facts and details from her memory.

I have received much assistance from my father, who was associated for many years with my grandfather in his mining career. Had it not been for Father's diary, kept while he was in Alaska, and for other information he gave, it would have been difficult to write in any detail of my grandfather's mining experiences.

Professor A. E. Gordon, of the University of California, has kindly read and translated the 16th century Latin manuscript which appears in these pages. Dr. Arthur Hutson, of the same University, also has aided me in reading another difficult manuscript in early Scottish and late Latin.

I am grateful for letters from Senator William M. Butler and Judge Michael Murray, of Boston, Mr. Gerry Bartlett, of Providence, Rhode Island, Dr. Anne Martin, of Hayward, California, and Mr. Charles Wheelock, of Woonsocket, Rhode Island. I also acknowledge an article by the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, to which I have referred freely.

For valuable suggestions in regard to the printing of this biography, I am indebted to Miss Edna Martin, of the Bancroft Library of the University of California.

Professor W. E. Farnham, of the University of California, and Dr. T. A. Rickard, of Victoria, B. C., author of many books on mining and metallurgy, have offered me helpful criticism. Mr. Milton Albrecht, Mr. Harry Mercer, Mr. Frank Nelson, and Dr. J. L. Rudé, of Berkeley, have also kindly read certain parts of this work.

To Mrs. Charles D. Utt, Mr. Hugh McKenzie, and Mr. V. Arch MacDonald, of Berkeley, who have aided me in the typing of this manuscript, I wish also to give my cordial thanks.

Berkeley, California,
June 27, 1935.

WALTER DE BLOIS BRIGGS.

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Introduction

HERE is a man who was a leader and had the qualifications for success. His life was one of courage, optimism, and determination. He was reliable and not afraid of hard work. He exercised good business judgment. At an early age, he was left to his own resources. At nineteen, through will power and application, he was made superintendent of a woolen mill, and at twenty-five, he was a successful manufacturer, known throughout New England. Later, he became the power behind the throne in many of the largest business transactions of this country. As owner of the *New York Press*, he won the admiration of national and international newspapermen, including Northcliffe of *The Times*. He was offered important political posts. The prominent men of this country—including three Presidents—knew him, and respected his advice. He entered copper mining and made history with the Standard Oil group, the Lewisohns, and the Guggenheims. Yet, in spite of his success, he was humble and modest; he was considerate to his employees, devoted to his family, and a prince to his friends.

Three times James Phillips was on the verge of financial ruin, but turned back defeat. Through sheer will power, he recovered from severe illnesses, caused by overwork, and lived to be eighty-three.

Because of his fine qualities of character, and because of his distinguished career in manufacturing, editing, politics, and mining, in this country, it seems fitting that this biography should be written for his family and friends.



Birthplace

DUNBLANE, Scotland, where my grandfather was born, is a little town with narrow streets, old fashioned houses, and charming surroundings in the parish of Strathallan, South Perthshire, near Edinburgh. The town of Dunblane, which in Gaelic means 'Hill of Blane,' stands two hundred feet above sea-level on the left bank of Allan's Water, which is spanned here by a one-arch bridge built early in the fifteenth century by Bishop Finlay Dermoch.

This little town has a most interesting history. Under Kenneth macAlpin (844-860), Dunblane was burned by the Britons of Strathclyde, and in 912 it was ravaged by Danish pirates, headed by Regnwald. Dunblane Cathedral dates back to the seventh century. The church seems to have been an offshoot of Kingarth in Bute, for its founder

James Phillips, Jr.

was Saint Blane of the race of Irish Picts. The bishopric of Dunblane was one of the latest established by David I in 1150 or somewhat earlier; among its bishops was Maurice, who, as Bruce's chaplain, an abbot of Inchaffray, had once blessed his Scottish host at Bannockburn. Long after, in post-Reformation days, the saintly Robert Leighton (1613-1684) chose it as the poorest and the smallest of Scotland's sees, and held it for nine years until his translation in 1670 to the archbishopric of Glasgow. In him Dunblane's chief interest is centered; and his memory lives in the Leightonian library, the Bishop's Well, and the Bishop's Walk, a pleasant path leading southward not far from the river, and overshadowed by venerable beech trees. Of Dunblane Cathedral, Ruskin once said, "He was no common man who designed the cathedral of Dunblane. I know nothing so perfect in its simplicity and so beautiful, so far as it reaches, in all the Gothic with which I am acquainted."

Inhabitants of Dunblane have often heard Tannahill's song, *Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane*, recalled when the sun goes down behind Ben Lomond. Other events of historical interest concerning Dunblane are: the Battle of Dunblane between the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar, fought at Sheriffmoor in 1715, Prince Charles Edward's levee in Balhaldie House, now an old ruinous mansion, on September 11, 1745, and the memorable drive of Queen Victoria through Dunblane on September 13, 1844.¹

It is interesting to present at this time an early deed to land in Dunblane. This land was later the property of my ancestors. Besides this deed, my family also has seven other

[1] The historical facts on these pages were obtained from the *Ordinance Gazetteer of Scotland* (Edited by Francis H. Groome, T. C. and E. C. Jack, Edinburgh, 1901).

[illegible]

Robertson, J. - 10.13.19

[Dec'd to land in Dunblane, Scotland, date 1722, and revised in late Edition. The deed was in the possession of Mrs. Irving Grahill, grand daughter of the time of her death.]

deeds to land in Dunblane in their possession. These parchment manuscripts in late Latin are in an excellent state of preservation, the earliest of them (the one reproduced here) being dated 1532. My great aunt, Mrs. Irving Gaskill, Grandfather's sister, had these deeds in her possession until the time of her death. Her family also has linens of approximately the same age, with the dates woven in them.

The following is a free translation and summary of the 1532 manuscript:

In the name of God, Amen! By these presents let it be to all known that in the year of our Lord 1532 and in the ninth of the pontificate of Pope Clement VII, on the 18th day of September, in the presence of the notary public and witnesses undersigned, Alexander Hart, one of the bailiffs of Dunblane, at the instance of Robert Akinheid, chaplain of the altar and chapel of St. Nicholas below Dunblane Cathedral, came to the latter's property lying below Dunblane between the property of John Dawsons on the north, on the south the highway leading down to the market crossways (?) of said city, on the west the cemetery of the Cathedral, and on the east the aforesaid highway as it goes up to Holmehil; and there Robert Akinheid, without fear or compulsion or blundering, but of his own complete volition, made over his entire property, in the hands of Alexander Hart, by the ceremony of banding earth and stone, in favor of John Paton, citizen of Dunblane, and his betrothed, as heir and assignee; which surrender thus made by Robert there present, and accepted by said Alexander, the latter by virtue of his office gave and conferred the legal rights, hereditary possession and personal ownership of said property, with its appurtenances, to said John Paton and his betrothed and to whichever of them should live

longer, in infeofment to their heirs and assignees, by the ceremony (usual in burghs) of showing earth and stone, and peacefully and quietly invested John and his betrothed themselves in actual, real and personal possession of said property with all its appurtenances, according to the tenor of the document drawn up for them,—saving, however, the legal rights of any and all persons.

Moreover, said John and his betrothed requested me, the undersigned notary public, to draw up for them an official document, or several such.

This was done at the entrance of said property at 10 a.m. or thereabouts, on the day set forth above.

Witnessed by these gentlemen: Andrew Patterson, Robert Cairns (?), John Philip, Thomas Mythe (?), James Drummond, Jr., John Bankile (?), and Wm. Esok.

Attested by me, Robert Ade, presbyter of Dunblane and notary public, who was present at all of the foregoing and immediately, upon request, drew up this official document with my own hand and signed it with my usual and customary seal, name and subscription.

(Seal or sign.)

ROBERT ADE, Notary.



Early Life

JAMES PHILLIPS, Jr., was born on December 18, 1848, in Dunblane, Scotland. He was the son of James Phillips and Mary Vicars, daughter of an English gentleman. In 1856, my grandfather's father was offered an opportunity to help in the construction of the American and Canadian Railroad. He left for Canada with his wife and three young children, my grandfather the youngest, where he became a railroad contractor, and built the stone bridges for the Grand Trunk Railroad. Later the family moved to New Brunswick. In 1861, they left for the United States and settled in Rhode Island, where the father constructed railroad bridges for the Airline Railroad, now the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, from Boston to New York, then being built. The family lived at Woonsocket, near Providence, Rhode Island. Mary, the

eldest daughter, married a promising young farmer, Irving Gaskill. Isabelle taught school. Grandfather attended the Woonsocket High School for about two years. A report card for May 20, 1861, in which his grades averaged 9.9, shows that he was a good student, and he won a number of prizes for his scholarship. His penmanship was like engraving, and he was always proud of his handwriting up to the time of his death.

After attending the Woonsocket High School, he went to the East Greenwich Academy, a boy's boarding school at Greenwich, Connecticut, for two years. After this he worked for a while at Worcester, Massachusetts, where he got his first experience on a newspaper. When about eighteen years of age, he returned to Woonsocket, to work in the Waterford woolen mill, now known as the Saranac mill, and owned by the American Woolen Company. It was then owned by Evans and Seagraves, with Alexander Ballou as superintendent. Young James started working as a bookkeeper. While in this post, he became interested in manufacturing and designing. The Briggs family still has the scrapbook with his original samples made up during this period of his life. From Waterford, he went to Olneyville, Rhode Island, to Pascoag, Rhode Island, and then to Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

While he was a student at the Woonsocket High School, there occurred an incident that proved a turning point in my grandfather's life. It is one that well illustrates his strength of character and determination, and was an event his family is proud of telling. Late one afternoon, a big fire started in Mr. Ballou's mill in Woonsocket. James, a boy of fourteen, rushed with the crowds to the fire, and began



James Phillips, Jr., with his sisters, Mary (left) and Isabelle.

helping to save the company's records and bales of finished woolen goods, taking them to the top of a hill. The owner, hurrying by, asked him who was going to care for the property, and James replied, "I will." James remained at the mill all night, long after the fire had been extinguished. In the morning, Mr. Ballou came to view the ruins of the fire, and saw the young boy still standing guard on the hilltop. Pleased with his faithfulness, Mr. Ballou told him that if he ever desired to learn the woolen business, he had only to come to him and he would be glad to teach it to him.

It was only a short time after this incident that James' mother died. His father moved back to Canada in 1871 to assist in building the new railroad. Later he married again. The three children of the first marriage were left by their father in the United States. Isabelle went to live with her married sister, Mary, and young James was put on his own resources. His school days were ended, and Mr. Ballou now took him to work in his mill.

While he was a bookkeeper, James used his spare time advantageously to study the different processes in the mill. In a year's time, he became a designer of woolen goods, and, later, manager of several different mills in the vicinity. At nineteen, he was fully equipped to make a success of woolen manufacturing. At twenty-one, he moved to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, and became the partner of Edward Rockwell in the Beoli mills, which he afterward bought and ran for many years. Success came to him rapidly. He was then regarded as a man of promise in the town of Fitchburg. Older men sought his advice, wanted him to go into politics, and he was known throughout the state of Massachusetts. In fact, at this early age, he had already realized his greatest

ambition; namely, to be known as a successful business man.

In an article from the Bulletin of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, the following account is given of my grandfather's career in the woolen business:

"James Phillips, Jr., learned the elements of wool manufacture in a Pascoag, Rhode Island, woolen mill. At an early age, he became superintendent of the Paine and Sackett mill at Providence in that state and displayed great ability in the position.

"Starting on his own career, Mr. Phillips, when he was in his early twenties, with E. M. Rockwell, under the firm name of Rockwell and Phillips, purchased in 1872, from Gifford and Kennedy, a woolen mill in West Fitchburg. The original plant contained but two sets of cards and but sixteen looms, but its enlargement followed almost immediately. In 1875, Mr. Rockwell retired and Mr. Phillips then became sole proprietor, and the business was continued under his name until it was incorporated as the Beoli Company on July 20, 1893, by James Phillips, Jr., president, and Charles H. Newton, treasurer. The capital was placed at \$300,000, all but two of the 3,000 authorized shares being held by Mr. Phillips. Its equipment in 1891 consisted of 8 sets of cards, 4,411 spindles, and 150 broad looms. About that time, a volume entitled 'Fitchburg, Past and Present,' declared Mr. Phillips to be the city's 'leading representative of the woolen business,' and it stated that 'the business has steadily grown until now the mills give employment to nearly 400 hands and contain 150 looms weaving coatings and suitings, the annual product of which amounts to over \$1,000,000.'

"Later, the Beoli mill was further enlarged until its sev-

eral additions contained ten sets of cards, 250 looms, and all necessary finishing machinery, with a capacity of 100,000 yards of cloth monthly, which were the finest grades of both woolen and worsted goods for men's wear.

"On October 9, 1879, the Fitchburg Worsted Company in South Fitchburg was incorporated with a capital of \$240,000, George N. Proctor being both the president and treasurer, and Mr. Phillips holding 110 of the 240 shares.

"The company leased the mill property, erected in 1854 by Joseph W. Morrison, and engaged in the manufacture of bunting. It was the first establishment in the country to undertake this special branch of manufacture. The new company prospered and shortly thereafter purchased this property. Extensive additions were made from time to time, including three large buildings which contained 188 looms capable of turning out an annual product of 800,000 yards of the highest grade of men's wear worsted goods. This mill, later known as the Arden Mill, along with the Valley Worsted Mills of Providence, of which Mr. Phillips had acquired the controlling interest, was transferred to the American Woolen Company at its formation, being units essential to that organization's successful operation.

"On October 31, 1881, the Star Worsted Company was organized by James Phillips, Jr., president, and Albert B. Haskell, treasurer, and George N. Proctor, with a capital of \$20,000 for the purpose of spinning worsted yarns. Of the 200 shares of stock issued, Mr. Phillips owned forty-five. It operated six Noble combs, and the yarns spun with its 3,500 spindles yearly were valued at \$400,000. In 1894 it was sold to Charles T. Crocker, one of the original stockholders, and to Charles B. Smith, who still operates it.

James Phillips, Jr.

"Mr. Phillips, in addition to being an able mill executive, was also a markedly competent designer. For a number of years, he personally designed and directed the styling of the goods made in his various mills."²

A letter from Gerry B. Bartlett, Grandfather's brother-in-law, to my mother, which also covers his career as a woolen manufacturer, is quoted below:

Falmouth Heights
Massachusetts
August 11, 1930

Dear May:

After graduating from East Greenwich Academy, Mr. Phillips went into Mr. Inman's mill in Pascoag, and from there went to the Paine and Sackett mill in Providence, as Superintendent, where he was very successful. He had an interest in the profit as a part of his salary, and accumulated \$10,000.

I distinctly remember Mr. Phillips' telling me that he thought 'if he could make as much money as he did for someone else, he might as well make it for himself,' and he started out to find a small mill.

Mr. E. M. Rockwell, who was in the office of the Cleveland Machine Works in Worcester, had a small amount of money and wanted to go in business. He and Mr. Phillips bought the 'Beoli' mill in West Fitchburg, which had been operated by a company that had failed. Mr. Phillips was without a peer as a designer of worsted for men's wear, and more looms were added from year to year until in 1876 they had 100 looms.

[2] *Bulletin of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers*, (Vol LXI, Boston, Mass., 1931).

At this time your father made Mr. Rockwell an offer for his share and bought him out.³ The mill was conducted under the name of James Phillips, Jr., until it was incorporated as a stock company, under the name of Beoli Company.

In 1879 your father and I leased the Baltic mill and ran it for four years. Then as the goods the mill was fitted to make went out of style, the mill was given up, and I went back to the 'Beoli,' which was enlarged to 150 looms.

The Fitchburg Worsted mill was started in 1879. Mr. Phillips, Mr. George N. Proctor, and Mr. J. R. Doudge were the only stockholders.

The Star Worsted mill was bought from the Lyon estate (Crocker family) and started as a corporation in 1881. This mill was afterwards sold to Charles B. Smith, and the corporation dissolved.

Mr. Phillips and Mr. Doudge bought the controlling interest in the Valley Worsted Mills of Providence, and held that at the time of its merging with the American Woolen Company.

Mr. Phillips advised and helped his friend Colonel Whitney in the conduct of his mill at Royalston, but he never owned any stock in it, and I doubt if he ever received any compensation. After Colonel Whitney's death, his mill burned, and George Whitney, his son, came down to Fitchburg, and with your father's help, opened and operated the old Hopkin's mill.

The commission firms which acted as our agents were E. H. Van Ingen & Co., C. H. Bertraux & Raden, Brown,

[3] My grandfather was a rugged individualist. He believed in sole ownership and wanted to run his business the way he thought it should be run. Whenever he found his partners a hindrance to his policies, he bought them out, though always on generous terms, with the result that they remained his friends to the end.

James Phillips, Jr.

Wood & Kingman, and Oelbermann, Dommerich & Co. Some goods were also sold through Hardt & Lindgens, and Sawyers Manning & Co.

Yours sincerely,

Gerry B. Bartlett.

Kendall Crocker, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, tells of being personally conducted by my grandfather through one of his Fitchburg mills. Mr. Crocker, a young boy at the time, was much flattered by the kind attention that Grandfather, who treated him like an equal in age and intelligence, showed him. "I can remember that day very vividly," says Mr. Crocker. "I was only a small boy, but Mr. Phillips took me through the entire mill and explained everything to me as if I were his age, and a man of real importance. Once he stopped and instructed a man about a certain pattern for a blanket; he knew all about patterns and just how a blanket should be made. I was astonished at his knowledge of how everything should be done in the mill, and that he was able to do so many things at the same time."

My grandfather was the second man in the United States to manufacture worsteds, having been preceded in this technique only by Charles Fletcher, of Providence, R. I., who had been in England and had learned the process there. He was also instrumental in importing Jacquard looms from France to this country for use in his mills. Often he would travel to England on his woolen business to see about improving his own mills, and many Englishmen came over to see his mills in Fitchburg.

With Frederick Ayer, Charles Fletcher, and William M. Wood, my grandfather organized the American Woolen

Company in 1899, a combination which he urged upon his associates for some time before his plan was accepted by them. He became a member of the executive committee of the new company which, as Mr. S. N. D. North, head of the Woolen Manufacturers' Association, wrote at the time, "thus secured the cooperation and assistance of one of the most energetic, enterprising, and successful wool manufacturers in the long list of those who have established and maintained New England's supremacy in this branch of industry."⁴

Grandfather refused an offer to become president of the American Woolen Company. After the formation of that corporation, in which his mills—the West Fitchburg mill, the Valley mill, in Providence, and the Beoli mill—were later merged, he retired in 1904 from his manufacturing activities.

[4] *Bulletin of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers* (Vol. LXI, Boston, Mass., 1931).



Fitchburg and Boston Days

AT the beginning of his career in the woolen business at Fitchburg, Grandfather fell in love with Elizabeth Bartlett, a young and beautiful girl of eighteen, daughter of Louis and Harriet Bartlett, of Fitchburg. My mother relates the history of the Bartlett family as follows:

“My mother, Elizabeth Bartlett, lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis DeBlois Bartlett and her two brothers, Gerry and Frank, at 48 Prichard Street, Fitchburg, when my father first knew her.

“Grandfather Bartlett was the son of a Unitarian minister of Marblehead. The Unitarian church was one of the oldest in Marblehead, and was a landmark; it burned down the night my grandfather died. Grandfather did not go to college, but became interested in mechanics, and at the time Father came to Fitchburg, he was a draughtsman in the Putnam Machine Company there.

"Grandmother Bartlett was the daughter of a sea captain, Captain William Barstow, and Sarah Morton, daughter of Silas Morton, and was born in East Boston. Grandmother was one of a large family, and she told us that often her mother would leave the younger girls and boys in her care while she sailed on voyages with her husband. Captain Barstow came home once or twice a year, as his voyages took him abroad to China and the South Seas. Grandmother said the whole community would burden him with commissions to buy for them, and those that paid in advance always had them fulfilled. Once a friend was offended because he had not brought her the silk dress she had ordered, and he coughed and said, 'Somehow the envelopes that aren't loaded always blow away.'

"Captain Silas Morton, Grandmother's grandfather, had served in a Minute Man Company from Plymouth, Massachusetts, in the Revolutionary War. He was commissioned Lieutenant on January first, 1777, in Captain George Dunham's company in the First Massachusetts Regiment commanded by Captain John Bailey. His military service for his country was particularly distinguished. He served in New Jersey, where he was an orderly for General Washington, and was employed by him to carry dispatches. He was with the army at Valley Forge, was present at the capture of Stony Point, and was at West Point at the time of Arnold's treason. He also witnessed André's execution. In 1781, on December 15th, he was lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Regiment, in Patterson's Brigade.

"Captain Morton was at the siege of Yorktown and he received from the hand of Lafayette one of the dress swords captured from the British, which, by act of Congress, were

divided between the Americans and the French for distinguished service at the siege of Yorktown. He was adjutant of the light infantry at the evacuation of New York by the British in May, 1783. Silas Morton was Captain by brevet, and a member of the Society of Cincinnati. Captain Morton's order book, containing Washington's orders of the day, and also the sword Lafayette presented to him are now in the possession of the Briggs family."

It is interesting that both the writer's father and mother were related to Silas Morton. He was my mother's grandmother's grandfather; at the same time, my father's grandmother was Silas Morton's daughter.

The story of my grandfather's and grandmother's courtship is told by my mother in the following manner:

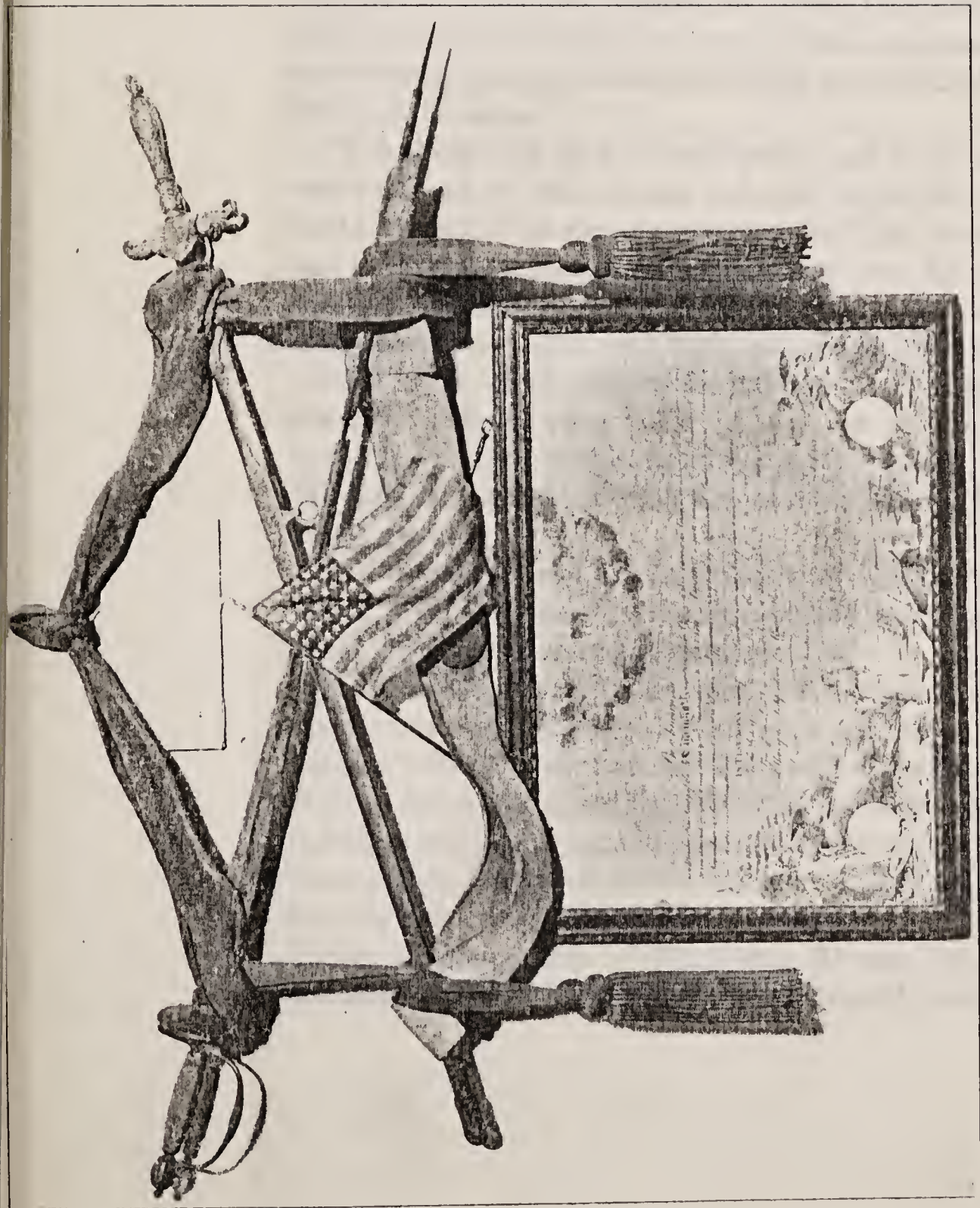
"My Grandmother Bartlett never tired of telling us children how amused she was when the old mail coach, a tally-ho with four horses, drew up to her house daily with some offering—letters, flowers, candy and presents—for her daughter from father. My mother was just finishing her last year of high school and still wore short dresses. She was slight and short; her hair was dark brown and curly, and hung down her shoulders. She had a beautiful complexion, artistic hands, and was considered a very pretty young girl. While she and Father were engaged, they went to visit Aunt Mary Gaskill at Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Aunt Mary thought Mother lovely, but far too young to shoulder the responsibilities that she knew Father would put upon her, and was confirmed in that opinion when she saw Mother running down a near-by hill before breakfast, calling Father to catch up with her. My mother always retained a certain childlikeness, playing with us as if she were one of us, and laughing merrily.

will attend at the same time to
receive the Bells —

And Officers from each Com=
pany will attend on the Adj^t
to morrow morning 9. O'clock, to take
a copy of General Washington's
farewell Order to the Armies —

General Washington's farewell
Order to the Armies of the United States —
Issued 2^d of Nov^r. 1783 —

The United States in Cong=
ress assembled after giving the most Hon^{ble}
Testimony to the Merits of the Federal
Armies, & presenting them with the Thanks
of their Country for their long eminent
& faithful Services, having thought proper
by their proclamation bearing Date the
18th Day of October last, to



Sword (with hilt on the left) received by Captain Silas Morton from the hand of Lafayette as a reward for capturing the first British redoubt at Yorktown. The other sword was that of my grandfather, Charles E. Briggs, Surgeon, 54th Massachusetts Volunteers. The framed document beneath the sword is Captain Morton's certificate of membership in the Society of Cincinnati and is signed by George Washington. (This document was presented to my grandfather Briggs by his aunt, Harriet Morton Gilbert, Silas Morton's daughter.)

"When Mother was nineteen and Father was twenty-seven, they were married and lived in a small house which belonged to the Bartletts on Prichard Street in Fitchburg. Three girls were born, May Elizabeth, in 1876, Grace Morton, in 1879, and Rachel, in 1880. The little house was filled to overflowing, and soon afterward a handsome larger house was purchased with seven acres of land in the heart of the town.

"Fitchburg was then a small place, and its population was made up of mill owners and mill employees; it was to the interest of all the inhabitants to build up their town, and in matters of housing, transportation, and lighting, all showed a public-spirited interest. The town of Fitchburg is situated in a valley with high hills on either side. The Nashua river, which supplies the water power for the mills, flows through the center of the town. Just outside Fitchburg are beautiful woods, brooks, and rolling hills. Mount Wachusett, the highest mountain in the state, can be seen in the distance."

My mother relates her experiences of Fitchburg days, which give a picture of Grandfather's life in the midst of his family, in the following manner:

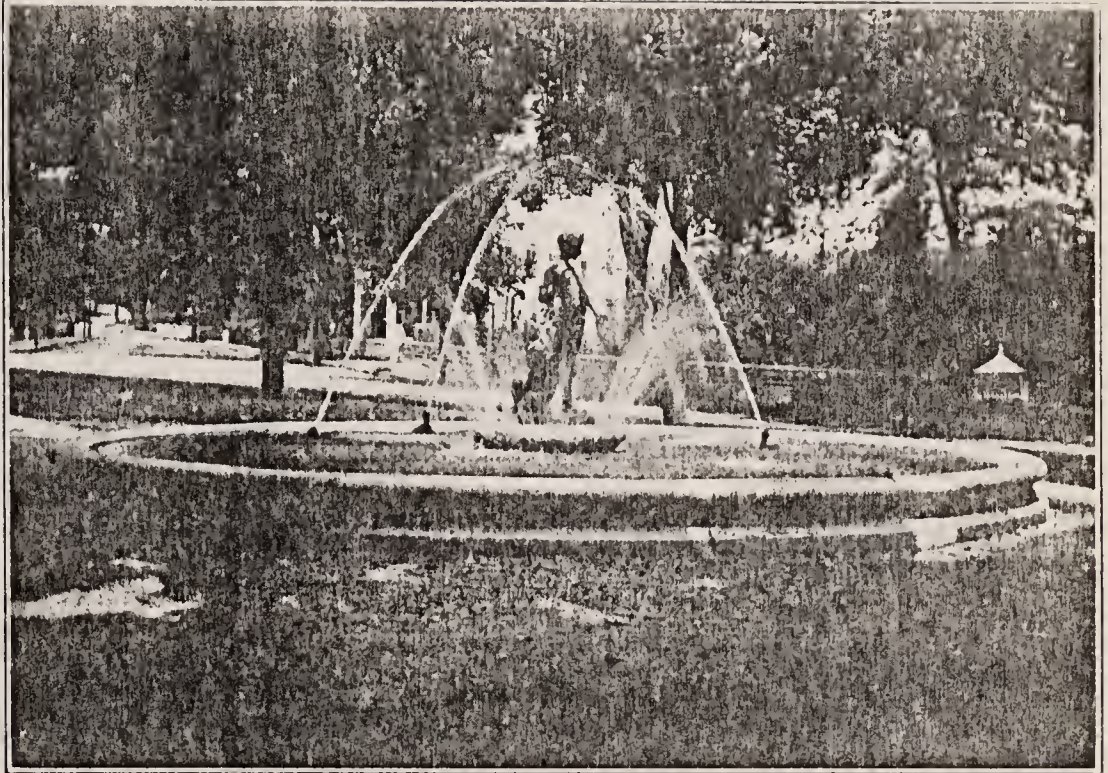
"Our house at 428 Main Street will always be dear to my memory. It was a large square house with three stories, painted yellow, with bay windows and a mansard roof. It faced the common, as New England parks are generally called, in which was a grandstand where free band concerts were given. There was also a fountain, designed by Herbert Adams, local sculptor, which was given to the city by Father and other men of Fitchburg. At one end of the common, was the Unitarian church with its tall, white spire.

"Inside, our house was of the usual Victorian architecture. A large hall ran through to the stairs, which were at the back, and wound around a deep well up two flights. We children hated to go to bed alone at night, and I can remember we were afraid to pass the grandfather clock on the first landing because it seemed to cough and make strange noises before it was ready to strike. As we went up the stairs, each mahogany post, to us children, was an Indian in the dark following us, and we held our breath until we reached the top of the stairs safely. In our childish imagination, we also played a game of tomahawking Indians. We would shout, 'Hattie Squash and her father are coming upstairs,' which immediately precipitated a great commotion of slamming doors quickly and running for safety into the nursery, where we hid ourselves and our dolls safely away in our beds.

"Downstairs all the walls were a light tan. The living room was large and had eight windows. A large mirror hung between two of them. As children, we adored looking at ourselves in it. We did this from the hall when nobody was looking. We had a Steinway grand piano, on which we practised regularly. The fireplace in the living room was unusually large, and Santa Claus made his appearance down it on many Christmas eves.

"The library in which Father did most of his work was across the hall. On two sides of the room, bookcases lined the walls. In the center of the room, Father had a big mahogany desk. Our dining-room was in oak, and was large and attractive with many windows.

"The bedrooms were on the second floor. The third floor was given over to us children for a play-room. We



Fountain executed by Herbert Adams of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, presented to that city in 1889 by Rodney Wallace, Henry A. Willis, and James Phillips, Jr.

Fitchburg and Boston Days

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had a stage and properties, and were always acting charades and plays. We kept our velocipedes and bicycles going round and round the attic on rainy days. Grace had her doll-house here and all her family of many children."

This little letter from Rachel to May about the charades held in the play-room recalls these happy childhood days:

Fitchburg

December 31, 1888

Dear May,

Mollie Grace and I Had some tricks tableaux and Charadis.

Grace and Bess Blanchard, Alice and Margie looked on.

Mollie Grace and I are going to have some to morrow again.

Mollie Grace and I are making the Curtain for the play.
Mamma Grace and I got your letter.
with love from Rachel

"A large piazza ran along one side of the house. It was here that Rachel loved to bring her ponies up the steps to show off their tricks. At the age of ten, she was very remarkable at training animals, and spent hours and hours with her horses and dogs. She had a Saint Bernard and a spaniel. Often she would hitch up the Saint Bernard and drive him around like a pony.

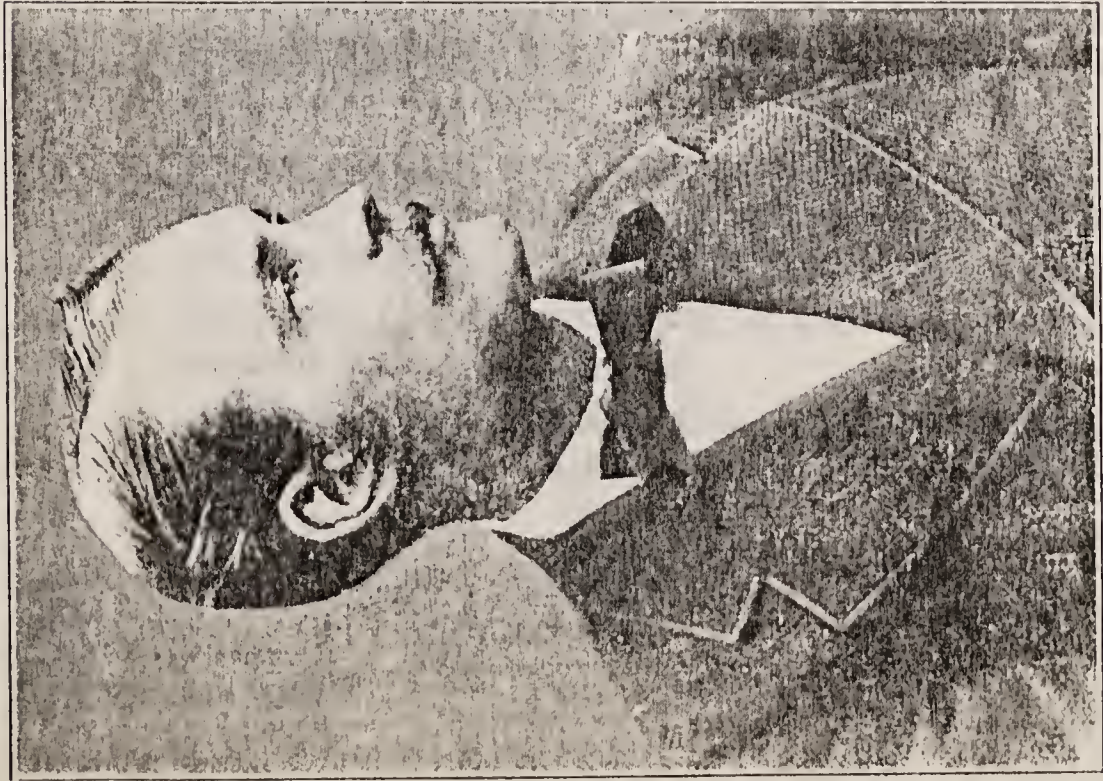
" 'Black Beauty' was a favorite with all children in our day, and Rachel took the book literally to heart. Instead of having automobiles parked in the streets in those days, horses were tied up to hitching posts. They were always checkreined very tightly. Rachel, who was fearless and a

friend to all horses, would often climb up on the wagon shaft and unhitch their checkreins to make them more comfortable. She took it upon herself, as well, to feed the horses on the common. In front of our house, the common was lined up at noontime with the horses of farmers who knew that if they did not feed their animals, little Rachel would. One month, in going over the stable bills, Emory, our coachman, exclaimed, 'What can I do when Miss Rachel feeds them old horses on the common all the time?' He opened a closet door and showed Father the canvas bags ready to slip over the horses' heads. Father was amused, and let the good work go on.

"We had seven acres of flat land about our house. A lovely brook ran through the place, a tributary of Falulu brook. Its source was in the mountains, and it came splashing down over big rocks through dense woods of birch and maple. In its numerous little foaming pools, we bathed on hot, summer days. By the time it ran through our field, Falulu brook had become a smaller but still noisy little stream, with enough water for us to dam up and make an artificial pond.

"This pond looked like a large lake to us, but in reality its area was little more than the size of our tennis court. In the deepest place, it was hardly more than four feet deep. In winter we skated on it and in summer we paddled about, bathed in it, or fished for polliwogs. Rex, our big Newfoundland dog, continually tried to rescue us by taking hold of our clothes in his mouth; in his concern for our safety, he often swam out to our canoe and upset it while performing his anxious and well-meant duty.

"Between the house and the stable, we had a vegetable



James Phillips, Jr., aged 26.



Elizabeth Bartlett, before her marriage to James Phillips, Jr.

garden that supplied us with everything from 'picking flowers' and berries to potatoes and onions. Mother's greatest joy was her beautiful rose garden. She would spend the mornings with our English gardener, Pickles, overseeing the planting, and changing the flower beds. The flower gardens were rather formal beds set in the lawn, fashionable at that time, but mother let the vegetable garden wander care-free, and there were masses of pinks, phlox, foxgloves, and bluebells growing luxuriantly there, surrounded by a hedge of roses. In the fall, our chrysanthemums were a blaze of color. Sometimes mother grew wild flowers there. Pickles never took much interest in the vegetable garden, preferring his own stiff, well-kept beds, and he would always draw attention to how carefully he kept them.

"In the middle of our grounds, beyond the vegetable garden, Father built a modern brick stable, at that time, a very complete one. We kept about eight horses, counting ponies for us children. We were always running in to see our pets, and Father arranged a small iron door over each stall so that we could go in front of our ponies and be quite safe.

"Father also enjoyed horses very much. He was fond of driving high-spirited animals. Every day he drove a buggy to his mill, often galloping the horses as fast as they would go. Sometimes he would hang the reins on the hook of the top buggy, and the horses knew the way so well that he was able to read his letters on the way to the mill. I would sometimes hear him come crashing in the driveway with the reins still hanging on the hook.

"There was a large schoolroom over the carriage-house where a governess taught us. Other children were invited,

James Phillips, Jr.

and this was the beginning of the first private school for little children in Fitchburg. Having school in the stable had its advantages, as recess was often prolonged while we rode our horses around our quarter-mile track.

"The neighbors were glad to have their children play with us and ride our ponies. On Sunday morning, before church, Father would often be seen holding his watch and timing us while we ran races on the track. We would mount our ponies and race around hoping for a word of praise, dogs barking and hats flying. We all laughed, my mother holding my father's arm and joining in the fun. Suddenly, Father would say, 'Off with you; get ready for church,' and we would go to the house and put on our best clothes.

"We were athletic for girls in those days, swinging from our knees on rings and trapezes, climbing ropes and trees. We could also play a good game of baseball and tennis, and all of us rode well. When Father returned from work in the afternoon, he would call out, 'Well, well, well! Where are you all?' and we would come running to him. Then he often joined us at tennis, calling my mother to come and watch us.

"If Father went for a walk or posted a letter, we three children were clamoring to go with him, and whenever the victoria came to the *porte cochere* to take Mother for a drive, we would all be sitting in the front seat waiting.

"Although many business affairs occupied most of our father's time, he often played with his children. When we were very small girls, Father wrote this note inviting our little friends to a doll party:



*Stable built by James Phillips, Jr., at 428 Main Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts,
now the Fitchburg Art Center.*



*May Phillips (standing by pony), Grace Phillips, Alice Hudson, Amy Boutelle,
and Rachel Phillips (seated in pony cart from left to right).*

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Miss May E. Phillips requests the pleasure of your company from 3 P. M. to 7 P. M., May 30th, 1883, at her Lawn Party.

Come if it rains, and be sure and bring your doll.

"Father usually kept cigars for his guests. When we were very young, we once unwrapped a new box of cigars from S. S. Pierce, and put the bands on our fingers as rings. We then distributed the cigars to our friends. Later, when Father came home in the afternoon, he found us all holding a cigar in our hands, after having first tried them in our mouths. We were not always angel children, but Father took this good-naturedly.

"In these days before automobiles, Father would take a pair of horses and a two-seated trap and two saddle-horses and go off over Sunday with us to Jaffrey, New Hampshire, near Mount Monadnock.

"Father enjoyed picnics. He liked to hire a tally-ho, fill it with children, and go up to Wachusett Lake for a pout supper. He was fond of his children and wanted to give them a good time, and all their friends as well.

"Our lives were simple, and although Mother and Father entertained many friends, they did not go out to many dinner parties in Fitchburg, so we saw a great deal of them. We usually had an early supper. Father and Mother would pass the evening together, and she helped him with his work until very late. No matter how late he had been up the night before, my father always got up for breakfast early, and he wanted his family to join him at this meal. When she was three years of age, Rachel would bring her tiny shoes and stockings downstairs to Father at the breakfast table and

place them in his lap for him to put on for her. This he did with smiles and laughter, tossing her up and setting her on the top of the big marble clock in the dining-room.

"Father traveled a great deal when we lived in Fitchburg, and his comings and goings are what I remember most. No matter how far he went or how busy he was, he always came home for Saturdays and Sundays.

"Often Mother went with him, and then Grandmother and Grandfather Bartlett came to stay with us. They were devoted to us, and wished to help their daughter in every way. They realized that she was far from strong. They felt that no sacrifice was too great for their child, who had everything in the world to make her happy but health. They went South with her every year to the Seminole Hotel, at Winter Park, Florida.

"Mother was merry and gay, and played with us like another child. We were so accustomed to her being ill that we did not realize how seriously her heart was affected. Hannah, our old nurse, took care of her as well as of us. Did Mother, perhaps, have a foreboding that she would not live to see us grow up? Was that why she tried to make us take responsibilities and spared no pains with our education? Was that also why she tried to make our home so beautiful and left nothing undone for Father's or our happiness?

"I think that the best picture of Mother's true character can be gained from reading a number of her letters, which I have kept all these years. That Mother had a true understanding of us children and could make herself a child with us, can be seen from this first letter:

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Woonsocket, R. I.

1888

My darling May,

I have received two nice letters from you. I got to Mr. Graham's house all right, but lost my lovely long-handled umbrella in my haste and my rubbers also. I really felt like crying over my umbrella. I had a nice time, and took the train direct from Brookline for Woonsocket without going to Boston. All the people here wish you were here also. Jamie is tennis mad—and plays morning, noon, and night. I think you play better than he does, although he imagines himself something of a George Crocker.* I gather from your letters that you will soon be attending Prayer Meetings for excitement. Gracie and Rachel have gone with Uncle Irving to the Minstrel Show. Rachel got up 'really very swell,' and Harry got up to match and cried because his shirt collar was too big. Rachel has put straw under poor old Tom, who looks really nothing but skin and bones. She will see that he is well fed, takes around the milk in the morning, weeds onions—and digs beets. I wouldn't recognize her on the street today—she looked so shabby. Grace is really quite aristocratic but has taken to cooking and to studying history and knitting wash cloths.

Your own Mamma.

“*In this country tennis was just beginning to be played in those days, and we had one of the first tennis courts in Fitchburg, laid out by George Crocker, a champion at that time. He used to invite us to tournaments, and he would put his head through our hedge as he passed by, giving us a word of praise.

"The next letter was written by Mother on one of her trips to Florida in the winter for her health. That her heart usually bothered her when she walked much is clearly evident."

Hotel Ponce de Leon
St. Augustine, Fla.
April 13, 1888

Dear Children Three:

We are having a very nice time here. The Hotel is *very, very* beautiful inside, as much so as the outside. Everything is simply elegant and at the same time very refined and quiet, not *gaudy* in the least. It is the most perfect hotel that can well be imagined. It is not at all warm here. Part of the day, perhaps four or five hours, you can wear a thick dress but no sacque. The rest of the time you need a good warm outer garment. We start either tomorrow or Thursday for the North, working along slowly. The weather is very pleasant and we have visited Anastasia and North Beach today. I can walk readily here. Isn't that funny? About a mile today and not one puff.

Give my love to Grandma. Received a telegram from Gracie in which she mentions "I am well." Does that mean anything the matter with the others?

With lots and lots of love and good night kiss, I am
Your own Mamma.

"It is interesting to read in this letter written by Mother in 1889 from New York, how the price of clothes was affected by the McKinley high tariff:"

Plaza Hotel
New York, 1889

My darling May:

Your dress can be easily altered. I exchanged your skirt. Mrs. Hall has sent home your silk waists. Everything has been purchased now but your corset covers, and I will send them all on tomorrow except the covers, and Rachel's cold may keep me in tomorrow. Your veil hats cost \$5.00 a pair, & I expect will last you for rainy days for several years; be careful of them. They are expensive on account of the McKinley bill. If I had not especially ordered and had the large size, I should not have bought them and paid that money. They are made on straw you see. None of you mention the receipt of my leather trunk with all your dresses in it. Have you received it? Tennis hats are not yet for sale. I have had no time yet to attend to myself. If Rachel is well enough I will try and go to a Matinee tomorrow afternoon. There is no news except that papa is miserable indeed. He has done some of his writing up here.

Tell me a little more news about the house, garden and Messer.*

With love from all.

Your loving Mamma.

"Note: Papa's writing mentioned here was, of course, work for his paper.

"*Messer was our gardener.

"We children loved to act in charades and give plays, and it is about one of these eventful occasions in our lives that Mother now writes:"

Fitchburg, Mass., 1889

My darling May:

Wish you a Happy New Year. Mr. Doudge comes here in a few moments. I went to the Stockholder's meeting of the Star* at 9 o'clock this morning, and helped to elect your Papa, President, and Mr. Proctor, Treasurer. It is a lovely day. Gracie and Rachel are fairly stage struck and are preparing for a 'Great Show' this afternoon.

With love to all, I am

Your loving Mother.

“*The Star was one of Father's worsted mills.

“In the next letter, Mother mentions one of Father's outstanding characteristics—his chronic restlessness. He wanted to be on the move all the time, and was not satisfied to stay long in one place.”

New York, Jan. 18, 1891

My darling May:

I hope that you have seen quite a good deal of papa, but I know what a fly-away he is, and how he attempts to do so much in a short time, so that I have my doubts. Grace seems quite unwell tonight with a sore throat and headache and no appetite. If we are going to be sick here all the time I shall turn my thoughts toward home very soon, although I dread that *new* cook more than tongue can tell. I don't think I ever was so heartily sick of housekeeping somehow. I am doing quite a deal of dressmaking in my chamber. Rachel has gone and bought herself a dress and it is a beauty. She teased her father for it and has done every bit herself. I don't know how much it has cost, but it is a howling

success. They go to dancing school and gymnasium, and that is all the news I have except Grace says she is sick of ice cream. You see the sweets of life have begun to pall upon her.

Your own Manima.

“Mother had valvular heart trouble, which handicapped her activities and finally caused her death. I have seen her all ready for a party and have to undress and go to bed instead, because she suddenly felt ill. The following letter gives a striking picture of the practices of certain homeopathic doctors in those days. Their blundering method of treating Mother for heart trouble seems almost unbelievable to us in these days. It is quite true that Father was fascinated by doctors with a leaning toward quackery, as Mother’s letter indicates.”

New York, Jan. 26, 1891

Dear Mother and May:

I write to both because I am not equal to two letters. I do not know whether I have been unusually sick or unusually treated but I never came forth so battered. I get a great deal of *sympathy* for I look sick, and turn *white* when I feel faint, and do not feel like a *confounded* humbug all the time. Heavens defend me from Homeopathy—their *molasses* and flaxseed cupping—and spraying and mustard plasters, but if I *can* live through it I am determined, for break up these diabolical attacks I will, if possible. This man calls it asthma, but he “curetted me” until he got scared himself and let me do about as I wanted to one day; now he thinks I shall live to do him credit. I have to try all his medicines, drink all his sulphur waters and take all the beef

teas he is agent for. He is just one of the kind of doctors for James, and James really seems fascinated, I think, in that direction. I want to see you both awfully, but there is so much to see out of the windows that as long as I have got to be housed, it is a change from Caldwell's grain store and the West Fitchburg street cars. Everything tastes like hay.

Your loving daughter and Ma.

"Father was interested in oil paintings and had a good collection in our house at Fitchburg, including paintings by Schreyer, Bouguereau, and C. Y. Turner. These paintings are described in this letter of Mother's. Mother also shows here how anxious she was for Father to sell the *Press*, which she felt was taking too great a toll of his strength and health."

New York, Feb. 16, 1891

My darling May:

Papa has bought three very lovely paintings—one by Schreyer, and the other by Bouguereau. The first is a picture of a smuggler with two ponies—one on which he rides and the other covered with goods, which he leads down a mountain path. The snow covers the path, and the dusk and falling snow make one shiver and pity the poor contraband outside. The other I have not seen yet, but it is the Madonna with the Christ-Child and John the Baptist. The third, by an American artist, Turner, (now a pupil of Bonnet, the one that painted the child with a loaf of bread, at Mechanic's Fair) is a picture of Hannah Thurston by Bayard Taylor. It is called "Dreaming."

Papa seems very miserable and unwell today. I have dosed him, but he has gone to the *Press* again. I hope that

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Mr. Lord will come to some agreement with papa, and that the arrangement will be a pleasant one to papa, for he needs rest badly.

Your own Mamma.

“This short extract from one of Mother’s letters shows that she had the customary dislike of most mothers in those days to having their daughters appear in public performances of any sort. Such an exhibition of a young girl’s talents before strangers was considered not at all ladylike in our childhood.”

New York, Feb. 17, 1891

My dear May:

You must decide the banjo business yourself. You certainly should not spend much time practicing with them nor am I willing that you should become a public character. If with two hours’ practice a week you can keep in the *school* club, and play just in school and once in a *great while* in the evening at a school thing, the practice will of course benefit you, but to be on the stage at every kind of a church festival and farmers’ supper I am not willing for pure modesty sake that you shall be known as a public character.

Your own Mamma.

“Mother was always quite concerned about our behavior, and wanted us to treat one another, our guests, and especially our chaperone, with the proper politeness and consideration, as may be seen from the following directions she writes us about a little masquerade party we three children were to have:”

New York, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1892

Dear Children:

I do not know whom you have procured for a chaperone, but if you have one you must treat her well; send for her in a carriage and take her home. Provide a comfortable chair at the Hall. Be very respectful to her and polite in every way even if she should not carry everything out as you exactly think proper. If you have no one, May must receive, and then quietly slip out and put on her domino. It will amaze you to see how easy it is to mistake one's friends. Put the supper in charge of Hannah, Delia, or Nancy; tell them the time and leave it in their charge. The boy had best stay, for you will need Emory* at the barn and the boy can run and fetch dishes. There ought to be two men at the barn, and tell Emory I *wish* it to be so. In case of accident or gas going out, and people coming in carriages, some one like Emory *must* be there to receive them. Tell Emory I want him to be the Reception Committee, May, to tell them where to go, to open the *carriage doors* and *not* to leave the barn. That I shall not like it at all unless there are *two* there, and if the boy goes home some one else must come. *Let Rachel tell him* since they get on best together. I shan't be there and Emory will have to take my place about keeping the fire going—opening the ice-creams; the lanterns want to be hung up in the passage.

You must be careful and not get overheated and go out there. I don't want the girls to run up and down into the house. Emory just *must* let somebody else be there. I shan't like it at *all* if he doesn't. They usually have a quadrille and then sit down with their partners and unmask at supper time. Either Mrs. Day, Miss Haywood or Fannie Sprague

will be *good*. Keep your tempers, all of you, toward each other and the servants, otherwise things will go wrong. After you unmask be sure and see that every one is helped to food, and do not *one* of you take things *twice*. Tell the one that has supper in charge not to help but to one ice cream, and one charlotte russe, and not to help some *twice* until *all* have been served once. Have some extra lemons on hand and plenty of sugar so that *if* the lemonade runs out, there can be more made. Tell Nancy to be sure and have plenty lemons besides all that she makes. *After* you *unmask* be sure and have your friends dance, and if there are any *not* dancing *one* of you should give up dancing in place of some one else. You can take turns different dances, so that it will give you *all* a chance. Don't be *selfish*. Don't be helped a *second* time to food. And be on hand to say "good bye" to everyone. Do not let Jim, Carl, or any *one* boy pay any of *you* marked attention to the exclusion of the others, and *remember* that you are responsible for the pleasure of your guests. Be sure and see your chaperone has enough to *eat*, and take her home when she wants to *go*. *Now this* you must *not forget*. Quadrilles are good, Polka, Waltz are common in masked parties. Gives more opportunities for fun. You must see your musician is taken home. Perhaps Mrs. Merriam will chaperone you if the others fail. I enclose a note to Emory. Let Rachel read it to him. I want Emory *dressed up*. . . .

Good bye, you dear little children. Have a good time, and a Happy New Year. Papa is much better, but has fever and sweating turns now.

My darlings

Good bye.

P. S. If you have asked some one to take charge before you get my letters, of course *do not change*.

Spun sugar goes with the *ice creams*.

“*Emory was our coachman.

“These last minute instructions were written to us by Mother on the following day concerning the proper conduct of this same party:”

New York, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1892

Dear May, Grace, and Rachel:

I ordered at Cook's:

Sandwiches

Ice cream in boxes

Charlotte russe in papers—*individuals*

Cookies and small fancy cakes

Bonbons, Candies

Will arrive at about 6:30 p.m. Have Emory at Depot to get it if I should not be there Friday, and you must get the plates down at the barn, and those 4 dozen little spoons, and remember that you three children must wait on the others before you sit down. I ordered 4 dozen paper napkins. Remember this party is for all *three* of you, and May, Grace & Rachel must *not* any of them *boss*, for it is for all of you.

Good bye. Papa is somewhat better.

Love and kisses to you all & Carrie.

Your own Mamma.

“Our education occupied Mother's thoughts very much. She was anxious that we should have a good one, and all the other advantages she could give us. She herself was prepared

and ready to attend Smith College when she married Father. We had tutors and French teachers, and went to dancing school.

"Every two weeks we had a dancing class in our school room. We learned the steps and danced around alone until we could master the waltz, polka, and the schottische. To us these were real parties, and Father and Mother usually came to look on for a while.

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"Mother was conscientious and untiring in all her efforts to make us well-read and inspire us in our work. We usually studied upstairs, but occasionally Mother asked us to study in Father's den. When we asked her why she did this, she replied, 'Well, if your father sees you at your books, he will know then that you are really doing some studying.'

"We took our governess with us every winter when we went South with Mother to Florida for her health, and kept up our daily lessons. Father's woolen and newspaper businesses kept him more and more in New York, and because Mother wanted to help him and be near him, the family went to New York for the winters.

"The first year, we had a house on Fifth Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets, opposite St. Patrick's cathedral, and near our friends the Doudges. Mr. Doudge was then associated with Father in his woolen and in his newspaper business. The big house and its long flights of stairs, and Mother's many social activities in New York were too great a strain on her. For this reason we went to the Hotel Plaza on 59th Street and Fifth Avenue, the next two winters, where our suite on 59th Street faced Central Park.

"During the last of February, some alterations had been planned at Fitchburg. Father made a hasty trip there and

found that the work was not progressing satisfactorily. Because of this, Mother decided to return to Fitchburg, and took us with her. The repair work going on in the long-unoccupied house made it cold and drafty, and Mother caught a bad cold. Grandmother Bartlett became worried and wired Father to come at once. Pneumonia set in and Mother died on March 14, 1893.

"We children who had always seen Mother recover from her many illnesses did not know how sick she really was, and we could not believe that she was dead.

"In the prayerbook of our mother and playmate were written the words that well express her outlook on life:

'Work as if for aye

Live as if to die today

And have a merry laugh with the children.'

"Mother started the Associated Charities in Fitchburg, and was well known throughout the town. At her funeral, the whole town, both rich and poor, turned out in their devotion to one who always had their interests at heart for many years.

"I can never remember Father really sad except at this time. He kept fresh flowers on Mother's grave at Forest Hills, Massachusetts, and never married again.

"After Mother's death, Father took the place of both mother and father to us, and we went to him with all our little perplexities. He understood them all, and was affectionate and helped us with his cheerful advice.

"Miss Grace Payson lived with Grace and Rachel and kept house for us for about a year. I went to Miss Hersey's boarding school in Boston that fall, but came home every week-end.

"Father cared no longer for our house after Mother died, and the following year sold it to Mr. C. A. Cross.⁵ After this, Grace and Rachel went to boarding school at Miss Piatt's in Utica, New York, and we spent the following summer with Grandmother and Grandfather Bartlett in Fitchburg. Grandmother wanted us to feel that we could come to her home any time just as if it were our own.

"The next year Rachel joined me at Miss Hersey's. Grace went to Mr. Gilman's at Cambridge to prepare for college. This arrangement kept us together and enabled us to see Father, who was living at that time in Boston. He made his home at the Touraine Hotel where he and two other widowers, Senator William M. Butler and Governor Winthrop Murray Crane, had suites on the eleventh floor.

"Father's favorite time for calling on us was early in the morning; and he would often take us to the Touraine Hotel for breakfast with him. We were very proud of our young, handsome father and had a good time with him. He took us to symphony concerts, theatres, and operas, often allowing us to invite several other girls.

"When Rachel was sixteen and a student at Farmington, Father often invited her and her friend Annie Lou Bliss (Mrs. Charles Warren) on week-ends to Boston. He and Senator William M. Butler escorted the two young school-

[5]"Long after the house was sold, our track and five acres of land were given to the city of Fitchburg as a playground for the public schools, and the barn was used as a city stable. About five years ago, Miss Eleanor Norcross, a friend of mother's, left her art collection and an endowment for a public art center, with free classes in painting and drawing. Our old stable was selected and made over for the purpose. Recently part of it was burned, but it has been rebuilt and improvements made, so that now it is better than ever. Our house was torn down, and the ground where it stood was made into a sunken garden, where the patients at the Fitchburg Maternity Hospital are wheeled outdoors."

girls, whom they treated as very grown up, to the theatre in grand style. Not being as excited about the play as the girls, the two men, becoming bored with the show, would leave after the first act, and come back for the girls when the play was over. Once, after the theatre, Father, whose political and newspaper connections made him influential in Boston, invited Rachel and Annie Lou to visit the police station, then located back of the Touraine Hotel. There they were invited by the Chief of Police on a tour through Chinatown.

“A letter written by Grace, while she was at Mr. Gilman’s school at Cambridge, follows:”

My Dearest Sisters:

I am so crazy to see you both and hear about the party and whether Rachel has won her quotation match. I have had three dear letters from Papa this week, and he is not going to take me to the Symphony as he has to have his teeth fixed in Fitchburg.

Our room is so pretty now. Edith Orlady gave me a steamer chair which she had here and I do so wish you might see it today. I suppose that I shall see you next Friday at the *Prisoner of Zenda*.

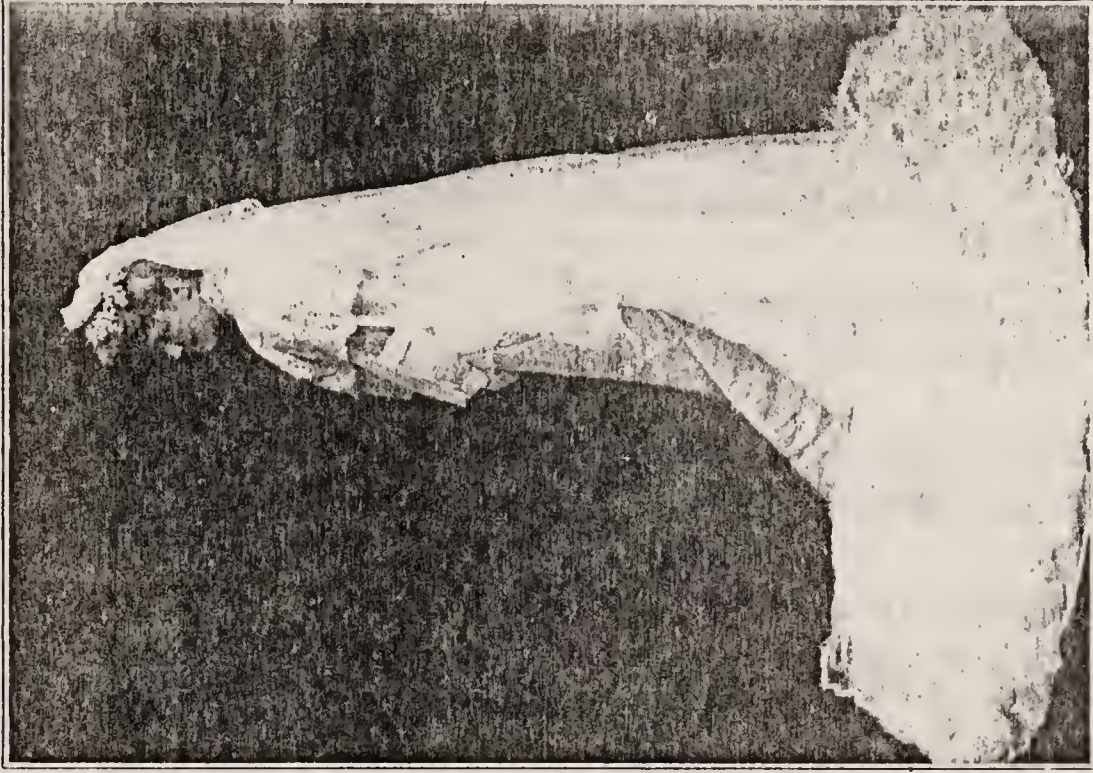
Oh! Last night Alvan and Louis came to call and only asked for me. After a little while they asked for Miss Strong and Miss Frick. Later, after they left, four Harvard men came to call and Mrs. Darrach asked Franceska and me in to meet them. ‘I had more fun than a goat,’ and I also met Mr. Fred Frelinghour G———. He is *perfectly fine*. I have not entirely lost my heart—never fear.

With love from

Grace.



Rachel when a schoolgirl at Farmington.



Grace at the time of her marriage, 1903.

"We also went with Father to track meets to watch our cousins Jim and Harry Gaskill run. Harry and Jim were both good athletes. The latter was one of the first track men in the country to break ten flat in the hundred. Father also took us to baseball and football games.

"The following letter is an invitation given us by Father at this time to attend a football game with him.

International Trust Co.
Boston, Mass., Saturday

Dear May & Rachel:

I shall call for you about two o'clock to go to a football match, Brown vs. Harvard. You can ask one of your friends if you choose, as I have four seats.

Please run over and see Aunt Hattie who is back from the Mountains. I only heard this yesterday, and was surprised. Too bad you did not know sooner.

Hastily,

Papa.

"Jim Gaskill was quite a football star at this time. While at Cornell, he wrote the following letter to his uncle:"

Dear Uncle James:

I seem to have my usual hard luck in regard to football. I enclose an account of the game which will give you a better idea of it than I could.

I wrenched my right knee shortly before the end of the first half, and had to leave the field. If water on the knee does not result from the wrench, I probably will play in the rest of the games either as regular half or substitute half-back.

James Phillips, Jr.

We play in Boston sometime this month with Harvard, and I hope I am able to go with the team.

Your affectionate nephew,

Jim.

“As he had no sons of his own, Father regarded Jim and Harry Gaskill as his own boys. Through boarding school and college, and during the time they were in business with him, he always wanted them near him. Especially was this so after their father died. Harry was in Father’s New York office,⁶ and Jim was his mining engineer.

“Grace worked very hard the two years she was at Mr. Gilman’s school in Cambridge, and passed all her examinations for Radcliffe when she was seventeen. This was too great a strain on her health, and necessitated her taking a prolonged rest. After we spent a summer at Nonquit, Massachusetts, Father decided to send Grace and me abroad for a year. This was to be a ‘finishing tour,’ and one of our teachers, Miss Wheaton, accompanied us as our chaperone. The winter was spent in Paris, where we studied French and did much sight-seeing. Later, Rachel joined us in Paris, and we spent the summer traveling in Switzerland, Germany, Austria, England and Scotland.

“Some extracts from letters written by Grace and me to Father from Europe are given below. Grace’s letters are the fullest and most interesting about our trip abroad. She saw the essential points of interest and presented them so that others could see them.

[6] Harry also traveled to my grandfather’s mines and worked for him in Ajo and Alaska for many years.

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Hotel Campbell
47 Ave. de Friedland
Paris, France

My own dear Papa,

Your letter just came and I hasten to answer it for the Saturday boat. We always look forward so to these Thursday mails.

I think that I wrote you about our French. I have certainly tried to get as much as I could and a number of people have told me that I have made *beaucoup de progrès*. I have no difficulty in making myself understood to the servants and speaking in general. When I get a little frightened I get rather tangled up, but otherwise get on very comfortably—that is, on not very *deep* subjects.

May and I are so pleased about Rachel's coming, but Papa dear, we can't bear to think of you all summer long in America alone. Can't you possibly come or don't you think that it would be nice for one of your daughters to go home? It will be so lonely for you until September 1st. I do so wish that you might think it wise to come over with Rachel.

Ever lovingly your daughter,

Grace.

Grand Hotel, Venice, Italy.

My darling Papa,

We left Florence on Friday arriving here at about two o'clock. We passed through the heart of the Apennines and the scenery was enchanting. I have always known that Venice was unique and an ideal city, but I never dreamed that any place could be as beautiful as this really is. It seems as though it must be a World's Fair on a large scale or some

fairy-like spot fitted up for some short period. It's very hard to realize that it is a thousand years old.

We have a gondolier of our own all the time for \$1.60 a day, and he is at our beck and call from morning to night. He is all dressed up in yellow and white, with a blue collar, and it is fascinating to watch him paddle. We are right on the Grand Canal. The views are very beautiful. Yesterday Giovanni took us to the Lido where people go in bathing. We then went to the island where Lord Byron studied the Armenian language. There is still a large convent on the island, and it is under the Turkish control. We did not get out of the gondola, for the sky looked dark and there was lightning. I can never tell you what an absolutely perfect ride we had coming back. The sky was the most gorgeous thing you can imagine. On one side in the distance we saw the Paduan mountains outlined, and on the other the Alps. The sky was dark in places and the lightning flashed through it, while in other places it was very light. All the islands looked so pretty on the edge of the Laguna.

Every evening gondolas fitted up with Japanese lanterns float about, and some of the natives sing and play. The violin is the chief instrument, and is remarkably well played. The singers are very, very good, and the canal is literally bridged over with gondolas during the entire evening. I do not go out on the water in the evening, but as we have a front room with a balcony, I enjoy hearing the music from there.

I wish you could be here with us, dear Papa. You must come sometime and enjoy some of the beautiful things and times that you give us hourly.

Many of the palaces have a look of faded finery, as

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though once they were rich and elegant and now they are almost neglected. But they seem only to add to the charm and fascination of Venice.

I wish that we might be together today for you must be lonely with Rachel gone.

With dearest love, ever most affectionately,
Your daughter,

Grace.

40 Clarges Street, London

My dearest Father,

We are here in London in the most comfortable lodgings imaginable. We are making Grace rest a little here before we start off on our two weeks for Scotland and the North of England.

Today Mrs. Adams, Rachel and I, with three and six pence, went to Westminster Abbey. The King of Siam seemed to think that was the thing to do also, and we went about following him and his train. He has visited from Rome upwards, and wherever we have been he has either just come, or gone, so I was quite interested to see his majesty. He and his suite were dressed as English gentlemen and they are all very dark. He is rather a fine looking man but slight and the tallest of the lot. Rachel and Mrs. Adams followed him so closely that I felt that they would almost touch him. He speaks without an accent and we heard him inquiring where the tomb of Mary Queen of Scots was. The organ played when he entered the choir and chancel, and it was really quite an occasion.

But London is so full of interest that I feel as if I should have eyes in all sides of my head. We think the

James Phillips, Jr.

Jubilee has made all England somewhat 'swell headed,' but one cannot but think they have reason to be proud of their queen. In a newspaper this week, a caricature of the Royal family represents them all sleeping—with "Too Much Jubilee" painted underneath.

We are just off for Barings, so good bye. All are well.
Lovingly your daughter May.

"When we arrived home from Europe in September, Grace was taken ill with pleurisy at Grandmother Bartlett's, and the doctors advised that she spend the winter in Colorado. Father had planned to rent a house on Beacon street, Boston, and have us spend the winter there, but this plan was given up. Rachel went to Farmington, and Grace and I left for Colorado Springs, where we stayed for three years.

"In the summer of 1898 my engagement to Walter M. Briggs was announced. He was the son of Dr. Charles Edward Briggs and Rebekah Whittaker of St. Louis, and a Harvard graduate. We were married on January 11th, 1899, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York. After our marriage we went to live in Boston, where my husband was in the real estate business until he later went into the copper business with my father. My first child, Morton Phillips Briggs, was born in 1899 on November 30th, and Walter DeBlois Briggs, my second son, was born January 29th, 1901. In these days Father often brought his friends to our home, and seemed to enjoy the change from Touraine hotel.

"In the summer of 1899, Father took a house at Phillips' Beach, and Grace and Rachel spent the summer with him.



May, with her children: Morton Phillips (left) and Walter DeBlois Briggs, about 1903.

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Father, as usual, only made flying visits every week-end. Rachel and Grace went to Europe again for a year. Part of a letter from Grace written while she and Rachel were in Cannes, France, follows:

Villa des Cistes
Chemin de la Californie
Cannes, France

Darling Father:

We were pleased to get your cable Sunday evening, and we certainly wish with you that we might spend our Thanksgiving together. I suppose that you will eat your turkey and mince pie with May and Walter. We shall think of you often during the day. I think that we shall celebrate it with a horseback ride, the first one of the season.

This afternoon we drove out to the Golf Club which is about five miles from here. The secretary of the club spoke to us and showed us some of the improvements they are making there. We saw the Grand Duke Michael, who is the uncle of the reigning czar of Russia, returning from a round of golf. His Imperial Highness!—as they call him here—is the president of the club, and seems to be enthusiastic over golf. He has a lovely large villa just below us.

The days are going by very, very quickly. We hardly know where the time goes to now-a-days.

With a great deal of love and a good-night kiss.

Your very loving daughter,

Grace.

“In the winter of 1900, Rachel was married from our house at 409 Beacon Street to John Martin Satterfield. They both looked so young that Doctor Donald, Rector of Trin-

ity, had to be assured by us that they were old enough to be married. At the time of their marriage, John was employed in the Buffalo office of the New York Car Wheel Company, and two years later, he made frequent trips to Idaho to develop an irrigation project in which he was interested. In 1905, he entered the banking business in Buffalo, remaining in it thereafter and rising to the presidency of the American Savings Bank, a post he held at the time of his death. He was very proud of the new bank building, which was built and planned under his direction. He also had served as a director of the Third National Bank of Buffalo, and as a director and vice president of the Fidelity Trust Company. John was a graduate of Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, and was a trustee of that college when he died. He was an outstanding citizen, was on many boards of local charities, and was greatly interested in the education of young men and women. He was the vice president of the State Teacher's College at Buffalo, and organized, and was the first president of, the Boy Scouts in that city. His efforts procured the airport at Buffalo, and he was active in the early promotion of aviation. He enlisted in the World War, was commissioned Major, and served with distinction in the Air Force under General Pershing.⁷ At his death on February 1, 1932, he was given a military funeral, and a number of airplanes escorted his body to its final rest.

"Two children were born to Rachel and John: Elaine

[7] In 1909, Major Satterfield organized the Aero Club of Buffalo, one of the oldest aviation organizations in the country. At the outbreak of the World War, he organized the first air squadron in the United States. When this country entered the war, the squadron was broken up and its members placed in command of other air units. Major Satterfield himself became chief of the airplane and motors division of the flying corps. *New York Times* (Feb. 2, 1932).



Rachel's children: John Phillips, and Elaine Satterfield, about 1908.

Satterfield, on March 21, 1902, and John Phillips Satterfield, on August 29, 1905.

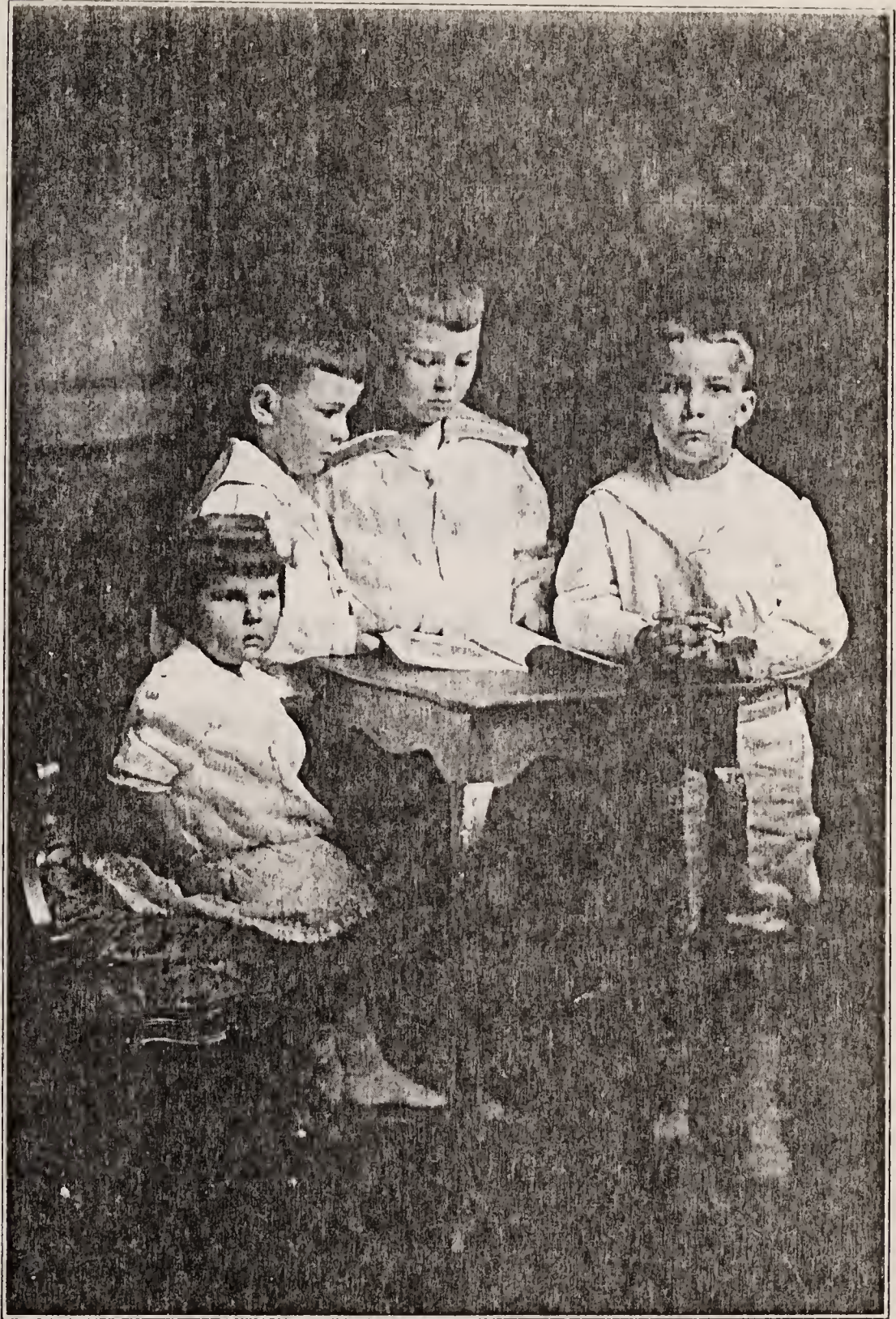
"Walter and I and the two boys went to Dedham, Massachusetts, where we lived for fifteen years until we moved to California.

"Grace spent another winter in Colorado and then traveled in the Orient. She lived with us at Dedham for two winters. On a visit to her friend, Mrs. Charles Cheney, in New Orleans, while attending Mardi Gras, she met at her first ball there a Princeton man, Arthur Devereux Parker, who proposed to her before the evening was over. He kept on proposing for the next three months until he won her. They were married from St. Paul's Church, in Dedham, on November 24, 1903, by Bishop Perry, then a young clergyman. Four children were born of this marriage: Arthur D. Parker, Jr., on September 11, 1904; twin boys, Robert M. Parker and James Phillips Parker, born on September 22, 1905; and a daughter, Elizabeth Parker, born October 31, 1909.

"Mr. Parker was an extremely popular and prominent New Orleans man, and was engaged in the wholesale drug business in that city. He was the brother of John M. Parker, former distinguished Governor of Louisiana and notable opponent to the Ku Klux Klan and Huey Long.

"After all his daughters were married, Father's business took him more and more to New York, but he kept on making frequent visits to his daughters, and they and their husbands visited him at the Lorraine hotel. He wrote and telegraphed and telephoned them often. When they came to New York, his chauffeur, George, would meet them and drive them around shopping all day, and to the theatre at

night. Father was always solicitous that his daughters should be amused and have a good time, and he tried to plan every moment of the day for them. He called upon his sons-in-law for help in many details of his business, and often sought their advice. His grandchildren, from school and college, often visited him in New York, and he was always glad to see them and wanted to hear their latest news. He was proud of all his family. For his daughters, May, Grace, and Rachel, he labored many long years; in return they gave him love and devotion.



*Grace's children: Elizabeth, James Phillips, Arthur Devereux, Jr.,
and Robert Moore Parker, about 1911.*



New York Days

WHEN he moved to New York, Grandfather lived at the Lorraine hotel and the Union League Club.⁸ At his hotel he never had luxurious rooms, and he did not care to accumulate personal possessions. After his wife died, he divided all the household furniture among his three daughters, keeping only a few paintings for himself. Though he lived much of the time in hotels and clubs, he often visited his daughters, and enjoyed nothing more than being with his family.

In the summer he visited his daughter Rachel in the Adirondacks, where he had many friends and belonged to the Adirondack League Club and Tahaus Club. He looked forward to his visits every spring and fall with his daughter

[8] Additional clubs that my grandfather belonged to were: the Union and Algonquin Clubs of Boston, the Midday and Railroad Clubs of New York, and the Boston Club of New Orleans.

Grace at Pass Christian, Mississippi. He enjoyed the southern hospitality of her home immensely. Often he went fishing on the Gulf of Mexico in his son-in-law's boat, "The Ogarita."

While at the Pass, my grandfather would sit for hours at the end of the pier on the beach, basking in the sun, reading, and watching the boats. It pleased him to take long automobile drives with his daughter Grace along the bayous and through the small negro villages. His curiosity led him to inquire the exact population of these little settlements. His daughter learned to have a mythical figure ready, which, somehow, always satisfied him. He appreciated being in the midst of a happy and well-regulated household, but he never wanted the responsibility of having a house himself.

Like most busy men of his day, Grandfather took little exercise, preferring Turkish baths and massage to keep himself fit. He did not like street-cars. Invariably, he took cabs or the elevated express, for he was always in a hurry.

He was a good traveler, and felt at home on a train, probably because he was on the move and getting somewhere. He liked taking the midnight train from Boston to New York, and could not understand why people slept poorly on trains.

He often got off to send long telegrams, and frequently was left behind. Once he got off the Twentieth Century, at a quick stop, to send a wire. While he was concentrating on the telegram, the train started to pull out. He rushed from the station, waved his cane wildly, and shouted to my father to pull the cord and stop the train. Father got up, but finally decided not to risk the consequences, and the train went on.



Grandfather pitching quoits at Phillips Beach, Massachusetts, 1899.

But Grandfather was not always left behind. Sometimes, when detained by business and late, he succeeded in stopping a moving train by slipping a \$5 bill to the man at the gate.

He traveled widely in the United States and Canada, and also made several trips to Europe, where he visited England, Germany, and France. At the age of seventy, he took a trip to Alaska to see his mining property.

Grandfather enjoyed planning vacations, but he seldom took a long one, and always got home before his allotted time. He was not satisfied to stay long in one place, and always seemed restless and ill at ease in the country. I remember a motor trip he took from Boston to New Hampshire, only to make a stay of a few hours. Later, when he visited us at Berkeley, he often drove to our ranch, thirty-five miles away, stayed fifteen minutes, and then returned to Berkeley. On another occasion, he crossed the continent to San Francisco, stayed one day, and took the train back to New York the following night. At meals, he ate with his eye on the clock, as if he were catching a train. He hurried to be on time at the theatre. His telephone calls had to be attended to quickly, and he would fee operators to hurry them up. Often in a crowded office building, or in a hotel, to avoid waiting for the elevator to fill, he would hand the boy a dollar to take him up alone. When he lived at the Biltmore in Los Angeles, the starter always called out, "Express!" whenever Grandfather wanted to take the elevator. Pleased by this mark of attention, he would step in at once and be whisked up to his room. He made decisions quickly and kept his appointments promptly, and he expected others to do the same, which was one reason he accomplished so much in his lifetime. In short, Grandfather had an exceedingly

dynamic personality and always made people aware of his presence and existence. No doubt, it was largely his great energy of mind and body that accounted for his success in manufacturing, publishing, and mining.

Business affairs did not occupy his time so fully that he was unable to take some time off for recreation. His favorite sport was baseball. When he was connected with the woolen business at Fitchburg, he organized mill teams and played on them himself. He always attended the World Series and had his own box at the home grounds of the Boston Braves, the Red Sox, and the New York Giants. He was a friend of John G. McGraw; he knew the players on the teams personally, and was familiar with their records. During the baseball season, he would leave his office and drive out to the baseball grounds, inviting Harry Gaskill, George, and other enthusiastic friends to share his box with him. He wanted to be on time to see the game start. As he went through the gate, he bought a generous supply of programs and pencils and handed them around for everyone to keep score. This was a vital part of the game to him, and he was meticulous about keeping the proper box score. While he watched the game, he became as excited as if he were up at bat himself, and applauded vociferously. He always enjoyed himself thoroughly and was the most interested and excited one in his party. As he looked on, he smoked continuously, and, in the high moments of excitement, he unconsciously allowed the ashes from his cigar to drop on his vest and burn holes in his suit. He was a real baseball fan. I remember he once offered a prize of \$500 to the first of his grandsons to make a college baseball team.

Besides attending baseball games, he also had a fondness

for certain other sports. He was adept at pitching horse-shoes. He enjoyed summer sports and liked being rowed on the Adirondack lakes. When he lived in Boston, he would often hire a boat to sail around the harbor, but did not care for sailing outside.

Next to baseball, Grandfather enjoyed putting most. He made as much of it as if it were a regular game of golf, and joined clubs in New York, Los Angeles, and Berkeley, merely for the privilege of putting. He always wanted his chauffeur, George, to caddy for him and to be his mascot. His putting lasted so long that it became a real test of endurance. He excelled at making long putts, and was able quite regularly to hole out from the edge of the green. A good account of his game is contained in the following excerpt from a letter written by his grandson, Morton:

"I used to putt for two or three hours at a stretch with Grandpa, who was as enthusiastic as any champion over holing a long putt. He used every ounce of skill and ability, as if it were an important tournament. No Ouimet, Vardon, or Bobby Jones ever putted better than Grandpa did at times. He took the game up late in life, and might have been a good golfer if he had tried it earlier."

Grandfather always used brand new Silver Kings. He had four or five putters, made especially for him that cost \$8 apiece. He usually took along three or four caps to wear while putting, and kept discarding them until he found one that suited him best. Taking each one off in turn, he would say to George, "This one is no good! Give me another." Usually he selected the biggest of the lot, an enormous one, that made him an impressive figure on the green. Before going out to the club, he always threw a box of cigars into

the car with a happy gleam in his blue eyes, for when he went out to putt, it always meant that he was going to have a good time.

Grandfather enjoyed going to the theatre. He went to every play, good, bad, and indifferent, but seldom stayed for more than an act or two, and left when he became bored. As editor of the *New York Press*, he belonged to the Players' Club. He saw Booth, Irving, Terry, and Ada Rehan act. He enjoyed dressing for the theatre, and would put on his top hat, white waistcoat, white tie, and pearl studs. He also enjoyed the opera. *Cavaliere Rusticana*, *Carmen*, *Faust*, and the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were his favorites. Sometimes he also went to musical comedies. He liked to try them all.

Sometimes Grandfather would go to parties, but he did not particularly care for them. The theatre was more enjoyable to him, and he bought and gave away tickets generously. He liked to see young people happy, and to have a good laugh himself. If a joke was really funny, he would laugh until he cried, and he often would take out his handkerchief and blow his nose vigorously during a melodramatic scene.

When it came to food, he was something of a *gourmet* and *bon vivant*, and frequented Sherry's, Delmonico's, and the Plaza in New York. No matter how worrying a day he had spent at the office, he could always eat a hearty meal. One of his favorite dishes was broiled young cod served at the Touraine hotel in Boston. Some of his tastes in food were unwise, and they often caused him to resort to bicarbonate of soda, of which he was an inveterate user. He liked strong coffee. Often he ordered a baked apple, ate it, and

said to the waiter, "This is no good; bring me another." He detested milk. A favorite drink of his was composed of two tablespoons of sherry in a large glass of water. He would go to his daughter's home, as late as 11:45 at night, for something to eat, and, because he lived in a hotel, he did not see any reason why there should not be a good supply of food on hand ready to serve at any hour.

My grandfather always dressed well; he liked to wear the finest clothes made by the firms of Bell or Whitaker in New York. Being in the woolen manufacturing business and possessing a first-hand knowledge of fine materials, he was satisfied only with the best clothes that money could buy. Invariably he wore either a dark blue or a black suit. To match his dark suit, he wore a black derby hat, always from Collins & Fairbanks, where he purchased new hats made from the same model for years. He also had his shoes, patent leather ones, made to order. He wore stand-up collars and bow ties. Here it was that he allowed his otherwise somber tastes in clothes a little leeway, for he chose the brightest and most magnificent colors in ties imaginable, and his collection of them numbered close to a hundred. He was also particular to have his silk socks and colored handkerchiefs match perfectly with his fine assortment of ties. To complete the picture of the well-dressed business man, he wore a flower in his buttonhole and carried a walking stick or an umbrella, which he would strike on the ground heavily to emphasize and punctuate his conversation. Of medium height, generous build, and erect bearing, with his ruddy complexion, closely-clipped moustache, and faultless clothes, he was a handsome-looking man.

Along with his taste for fine clothes, he had a great liking

for beautiful flowers. When he lived in Boston, he was the leading customer of Thomas Galvin. His favorite flowers were long-stemmed American Beauty roses, Lawson carnations, and chrysanthemums. I remember well the Easter lilies, long-stemmed roses, and azaleas he sent to my mother at Easter and Christmas.

Grandfather liked very much to give presents, but he also enjoyed receiving them himself. He was most appreciative of small gifts, and always sent charming notes of acknowledgment. When it came to making gifts and contributions, he was always exceedingly modest. The money he gave to charities was given anonymously or through his family. He belonged to a time when individuals preferred to give their money where they wished rather than give it to organized charities, as is largely the custom today. A kind man, he was most generous to his friends and family. In fact, his generosity was so great that his debtors and other admirers called him "The Prince." Among the thousands of people who crossed his path, there were few who were not helped and encouraged by his optimism, his generosity, and his financial aid. He never wished to impress others by his well-being or to show off his wealth. Luxury did not appeal to him, and he did not want money for what it brought him, but for the things he could do with it.

He gave money away freely. He supported and educated many persons, and also endowed a number of scholarships. Many of his relatives and friends were helped financially by him, whether they had a good claim on him or not. He frequently overpaid his servants, and the amount he gave away indiscriminately to bootblacks, porters, and lackeys would have made a large sum. He subscribed generously to

hospitals and New York charities, including the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Alice Chapin Adoption Nursery. He also paid many of his friends' debts, and gave new automobiles to some friends in straitened circumstances. On one occasion, he kept a bank alive, and on still another, he saved the house of a broker who later proved to be unworthy of his friendship. He even refused to send an employee to jail who had repeatedly stolen from him. He disliked to discharge anyone, and whenever there were any changes to be made, he handled the situation with great diplomacy. Generosity was ingrained in his very nature. He started working at a salary of \$25 per month himself. As a self-made man, he knew the privations many people had to endure, and the difficulties they had to face. He did not wish to profit by cutting wages and was always most considerate of the welfare of his employees.

Grandfather had high ideals and wanted his family to live up to them. He was a religious man, and a diligent reader of the Bible. He attended William Crocker's Church of the Ascension, and Trinity Church in Boston, where he often listened to Phillips Brooks. In his last days, he went to St. Paul's Church in Los Angeles, where he had a seat in the front pew on account of his deafness. It always interested him to hear a new preacher. As a young man, he attended the Unitarian Church, but later he became an Episcopalian. In a number of ways, Grandfather was old-fashioned. He expected implicit and prompt obedience from his children, and was always anxious to have them properly chaperoned wherever they went. Even after his daughters were forty or more years of age, he did not approve of their going on a midnight train or being on the city streets after dark. He

enjoyed playing whist, but never played cards for money. He always offered wine to his guests, yet he never drank himself, and he was never heard to use coarse language of any kind.

Grandfather possessed a number of little mannerisms. He constantly repeated the ejaculation, "Well, well, well." It is difficult to say whether or not this was merely a little nervous habit that resulted from the strain to which his active brain was subject most of the time. At any rate, it is almost certain that he never heard himself muttering these words. Whenever he sat in a chair, he kept ironing and scuffing the floor in front of him with his feet. He would often whirl his eyeglasses and watch round until he broke them. At mealtimes, he would write figures all over the tablecloth, adding the prospective fortunes he hoped to make. While concentrating on business problems, he took new lead pencils and whittled them to shavings or cut cigars in two, throwing away the best part, and smoking only the short end. Too occupied to smoke, his cigar was forever going out, and had to be lit again and again, which he had everyone doing for him. He would use up six or more boxes of matches a day. My grandfather was over fifty before he began smoking. He took it up then like a college boy. Even though it disagreed with him and he never really enjoyed it, he thought it the sociable thing to do, and wanted people to think he smoked all the time. As a result he always had a stump of a cigar in his mouth.

About New York he was known as Jim Phillips to his business cronies and political friends of the Republican party. By headwaiters, including Merlo at the Touraine, in Boston, by bellboys, and by other employees of the hotels

and clubs he lived in, he was frequently called "Judge," no doubt because of his well-dressed appearance and commanding personality.

While he lived in New York, Grandfather was engaged in a number of important business enterprises; he was then actively interested in the woolen manufacturing business, owned and managed a large New York newspaper, and was an important factor in the politics of that day. Later he became interested in copper mining. While he was in business in New York, his office was at 2 Rector Street, where he had a private suite of five rooms on the sixteenth floor, overlooking the Hudson River, and all the thirty-second floor for his copper business. He also had an office at 77 Franklin Street, in Boston. His extreme modesty kept him from labeling his office door with the names of his many copper companies. Only three names appeared: his own, that of Walter M. Briggs (his son-in-law), and that of E. F. Gray, one of his staff of engineering consultants.



Newspaper Career

ON DECEMBER 1, 1887, with other textile manufacturers who believed in protection, Grandfather bought the *New York Press*, a high-tariff organ, with the purpose of protecting the American manufacturer from the flood of cheap foreign goods coming in at that time. Feeling the need of an aggressive party organ in New York, after the defeat of Blaine in 1884, he succeeded in persuading a number of wealthy Republicans to finance the *Press*, which later had a major part in the election of President McKinley.

Robert P. Porter was the editor of the *Press* under my grandfather at first. Later he joined the staff of *The Times* of London. Undismayed, my grandfather assumed editorial control, and continued to direct the policies of the paper until it was on a firm footing. Although a good executive

and a keen business man, Grandfather knew nothing about the business of publishing a newspaper, and for the first three or four years, he worked day and night to fit himself for his position as owner of the *Press*. As it had been necessary for him to stop his education early in life, for financial reasons, he was largely a self-educated man. While he was owner of the *New York Press*, he often had English professors from Harvard come up to Fitchburg on week-ends to aid him with his editorial writing.

Grandfather gathered about him a brilliant staff of young journalists on the *Press* and maintained a bright, crisp, and militantly Republican sheet. He once told me that he had the star writers of New York on his paper. "I had Richard Harding Davis and all the rest of them working for me," he said. He used to tell of professional joke-writers that would come to his office with a satchel full of mediocre puns for sale at the rate of \$5 apiece. He seldom used any of these jokes in his paper, but bought them because he felt sorry for these would-be jokesters.

My grandfather wrote editorials for the *Press*, but they were never signed, so that it is difficult to say which are his. His family have in their possession a complete file of copies of the newspaper during the years that he owned it. Many nights he watched what went into the paper and supervised the written copy.

The *Press* gained a large circulation and was hailed by Republicans as a safe and sane party medium. It was one of the first owners of the Associated Press franchise, one of the big assets of the paper, and a privilege that cost at that time \$100,000.

My grandfather's ownership of the *Press* coincided with

the torchlight processions. He always got excited over the elections, and my mother remembers sitting up with him to watch torchlight processions go down Fifth Avenue.

When Police Commissioner Murray investigated crookedness in registration and at the polls in New York, in 1894, he laid the evidence before James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, and my grandfather, then editor of the *New York Press*. In the interest of an honest ballot and a fair count, they placed scores of reporters at work, with the result that on October 22, 1894, the *Herald* and the *Press* exposed, in several copiously illustrated pages, the gigantic system of debauchery that had been employed for years by Tammany Hall to carry elections.

In order to overthrow Tammany control in the election for mayor of New York City, in 1894, a Committee of Seventy was organized for the selection of candidates that chose Colonel William L. Strong, Republican, for mayor. Just how this was accomplished, and by whom, is told in the Autobiography of Thomas C. Platt as follows:

"Charles H. Murray and the late Judge Jacob M. Patterson were the two men most responsible for the nomination of Colonel Strong. James Phillips, Jr., then editor and proprietor of the *New York Press*, was, however, the one who originally suggested the colonel's name to me. Early in October, 1894, Mr. Phillips called upon me at my office, No. 49 Broadway, and urged that the Republican organization ought to insist that Strong be the candidate for mayor. He argued that, first of all, he was a staunch Republican. Then, he was a man who commanded the confidence, as few did, of the business community. I was inclined to agree with him."

Grandfather, Commissioner Murray, and Judge Patterson interviewed Colonel Strong regarding his candidacy. The result of the interviews with Colonel Strong was reduced to a typewritten statement, signed by Messrs. Murray, Patterson, and Phillips. Here is the document:

BARGAIN WITH STRONG

"On Thursday, October 4, 1894, Mr. James Phillips, Jr., of the *Press*, called upon me, Commissioner Murray, at Police Headquarters, and wanted me to go with him in his cab to attend an important conference. He explained to me that Mr. Strong was a candidate for Mayor, and wanted to see me in order to explain his position and attitude and his intentions regarding the Republican party. I asked Mr. Phillips if I could talk freely to Mr. Strong as man to man. He replied that I could talk as freely to Mr. Strong as I could to him."

Grandfather believed that unless one read a newspaper every day, he was not well informed. He used to send the *Press* to his daughters at boarding school; my mother well remembers how the papers used to accumulate in her room.

At this period of his life, Grandfather drove himself at high speed. His program of work called for more than fifteen hours a day. He would work on his woolen business in the day-time and then go to his newspaper office until one or two o'clock in the morning, often being so exhausted that he went to sleep on the elevated train and passed his station. In spite of late hours at work, he was always up at

[9] *Autobiography of Thomas C. Platt*, compiled and edited by Louis J. Lang (New York, B. W. Dodge and Co., 1910) p. 283.

seven o'clock in the morning and down at the office at eight-thirty, often before the office boy had arrived. His powers of endurance were a marvel to everybody. His wife felt that it was too much for him to run the newspaper and the woolen business at the same time. She felt he was burning the candle at both ends, and urged him to sell the *Press*. The following extract from one of her letters indicates how strongly she wished her husband to sell the newspaper:

New York, Feb. 17, 1891

Dear Children:

It really looks now as if Papa would resign the active control of the *Press*. He had a very important interview last night and he says he has not the physical strength to carry it much longer alone. Do not be too hopeful for we have been disappointed before.

Your own mamma.

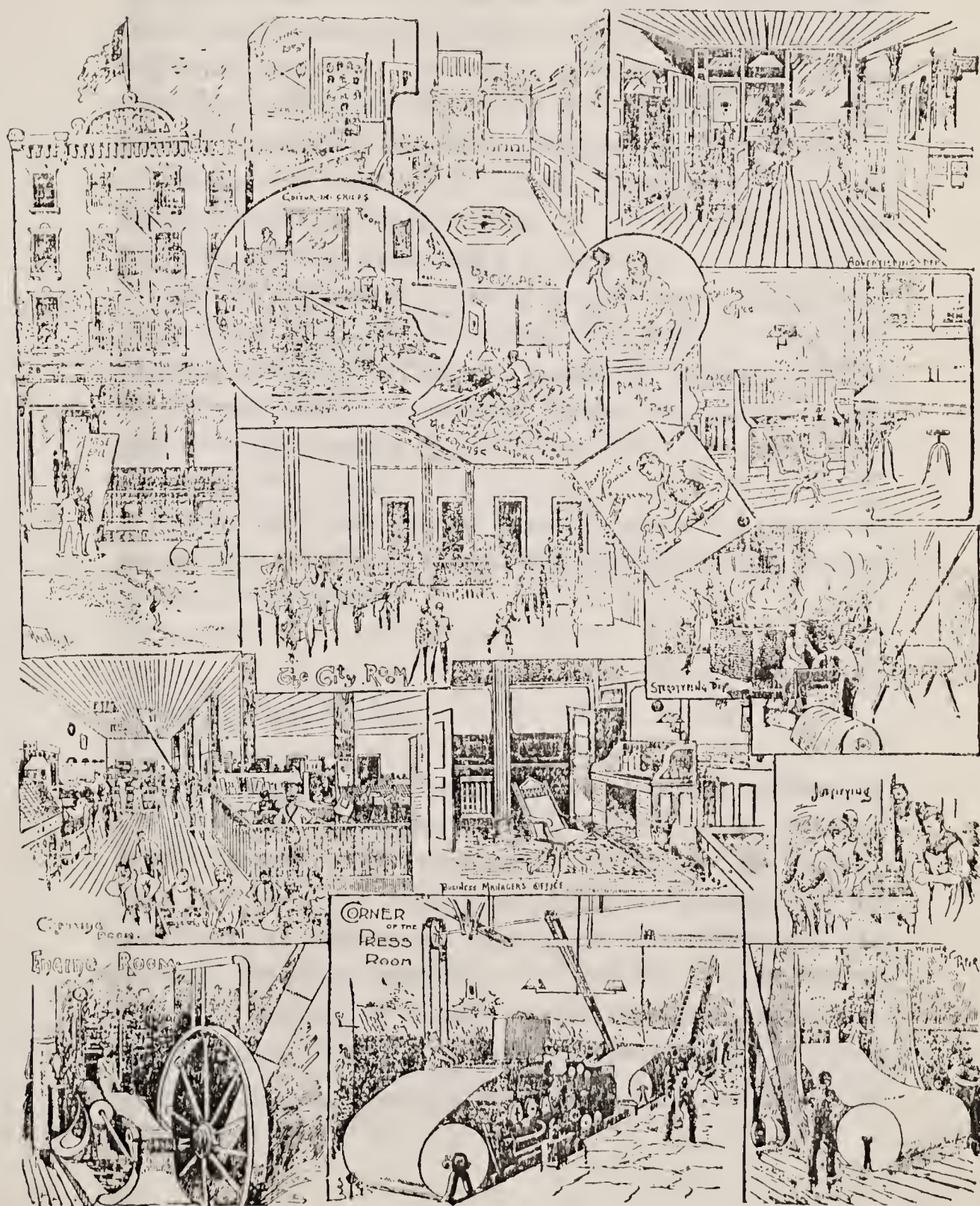
After his wife died, Grandfather sold the paper to H. L. Einstein.¹⁰ She had wished him to sell it. But his children

[10] The following article concerning the sale of the *New York Press* appeared in the *Standard Union* for Feb. 2, 1895:

"It has been understood for some time that James Phillips, Jr., and James R. Doudge, Esq., and those interested with them in the *New York Press* proposed to part with their property, covering the whole of the *Press*, with the exception of a small fraction, when a satisfactory offer should be obtained. This came from Mr. Henry L. Einstein, and the announcement of the change of hands was made yesterday. Mr. Einstein was elected president, the Hon. Lemuel Quigg, vice-president, and Mr. William Leary, secretary. It is part of the information that Mr. Quigg will be the responsible editor.

"The change, among other things, declares the solid establishment of the *Press* newspaper, after a long struggle. All the obstacles have been overcome, and there is the transfer, not of difficulties, but of substantial prosperities. The special strength of the *Press* is the hold it has throughout the state, about one hundred thousand copies being sold daily in the New York towns beyond Harlem. The *Press* has been unqualifiedly Republican, a most energetic and brilliant advocate of protection, and of thorough Republican organization, and partisan as well as public integrity."

Exterior and Interior Views of THE PRESS Building, 26 and 28 North William Street.



always felt that it was a great pity he sold it, as the *Press* was his favorite business, and he had worked it up from a small beginning to one of the largest newspaper circulations in New York. Many of the staff of Grandfather's paper later became prominent on other newspapers in New York.

Twenty-one years after the sale of the *Press* by Grandfather, it was combined with the *New York Sun*, as is told by Frank O'Brien in his *Story of the Sun*:

"Frank A. Munsey, in the summer of 1912, bought the *New York Press* for \$2,500,000. On July 1, 1916, Mr. Munsey bought *The Sun* and combined with it the *New York Press*, with its Associated Press service, its best men, and some of its popular features, under the name of the *New York Sun*."¹¹

Several letters are quoted below to show the regret expressed by a number of Grandfather's employees at the time of his sale of the *Press*:

New York Press, New York

James Phillips, Jr., Esq.

Feb. 23, 1895

Dear Sir:

I had hoped to be settled elsewhere before writing to you in regard to changes on the *Press*. I was not surprised at the request for my resignation, as it had already become apparent that Q——— had no intention of standing by his statements in relation to keeping the old employees. He wanted, I think, to keep R———, but R——— was more disgusted than any of us, and would not remain under any circumstances. You would have thought that Baxter Street

[11] *The Story of the Sun*, Frank M. O'Brien (D. Appleton & Co.: New York, 1928), p. 200.

and the East Side had been turned loose in the *Press* office after you went away. I do not think there was one office in New York that had a more American, gentlemanly, and cultured tone than the *Press* under your ownership, and the change to the 'old clo' atmosphere was decidedly nauseous. I do not think that Republican presidential candidates will be found haunting the *Press* office under the present regime.

I thank you for having spoken to Mr. Rogers, the publisher of the *Advertiser*, in our behalf—I mean Mr. P.—— and myself. This is the *Advertiser's* opportunity. There is, as you are doubtless aware, some trouble going on there, which will probably be settled in a few days. Mr. P.—— appears to have acted rather contemptibly in giving that statement to the *Sun* a few days ago. The *Sun* is now the avowed and leading organ of Mr. P.——, and makes no concealment of the fact. The *Sun's* political man, M.——, is P.——'s confidential reporter, and of course, had P.——'s full consent to the statement in question. The *Press* is losing rapidly in circulation. So far as I can ascertain the people are disgusted generally with the change. There is no room in New York for a newspaper basing its claims to patronage on flippant dealing with the news of the day. The *Press* had become known as the aggressive, dignified, and broadly American organ of the Republican party. All that is now thrown aside, and the paper has entered on a spiteful, petty, factional campaign in behalf of the wealthy Hebrew element displeased with the course of the Union League Club.

The Republican party is thinking more of principle than of patronage, and it will be a bad day for the party when that condition is reversed.

Please excuse me for troubling you with this long letter. I hope to be settled in a few days, and I close with the renewed expression of my gratitude for your kindness while I was on the *Press*.

Very respectfully,
Henry Mann.

Another former employee of my grandfather's on the *Press* writes:

82 Nassau St., N. Y., March 6, 1895

My dear Mr. Phillips:

As an old employee of yours upon the *Press* for a little over five years I feel it a very pleasant duty to extend to you my thanks for the uniform courtesy and kindly consideration of my efforts as your cartoonist. It was owing entirely to the opportunity that you gave me that I was enabled to develop myself in that direction, and from a beginning of \$30 a week I have during the past year advanced my earnings so that they average from \$125 to \$150 per week. I make this statement to show you the substantial nature of the obligation I am under to you, and I wish you to know how fully I appreciate it.

Should you again enter the field of journalism, which the phenomenally successful conduct of the *Press* shows you to be most eminently fitted for, I should be most happy to enroll myself under your banner for protection and the G. O. P., should you wish my services.

While I have been given to understand by Mr. Q—— of the new management, that he wished to continue my 'feature,' and under the same condition of salary, though at first inclined to discontinue it, yet from what I know of his

treatment of others of the old force, I cannot shake off a feeling of insecurity. Then the policy of the paper has been so radically changed that in the language of a certain Southern statesman, "I don't know where I'm at."

The editorial page to date is just 'rot.' It has lost its splendid broad national character in a flippant lot of buffoonery, so that frankly I feel like looking into opportunities that are open to me elsewhere.

Again thanking you for your kindness and wishing you every success and the greatest possible happiness, I am,

Yours very truly,

Leon Barritt.

A letter from Andrew Carnegie, concerning my grandfather's sale of the *Press*, is also quoted below:

5 West 51st Street, New York

March 1, 1895

My dear Mr. Phillips:

Your kind note of the 26th of February received. I am very glad, indeed, to have been of the slightest service to you, and hope the sale you have made of *The Press* is entirely satisfactory, as I think it would be.

Hoping we are very often to meet, with best wishes, I am

Yours very truly,

Andrew Carnegie.

A letter from Ashbey W. Cole, a political friend of my grandfather's, in regard to his sale of the *Press*, follows:

Executive Chamber, Albany,
February 2, 1895

Dear Mr. Phillips:

I am by no means certain that this note will fall under your eye for some days, but I take the chances and send it to you in "the country where you belong," as you put it in your note from the Union League Club. And by the way, your card so tickled the Governor's fancy that he laughed all over, and had me read it to Wm. Barnes, Jr., of the *Evening Journal* and his friend Easton, the Superintendent of Public Buildings, who were with me when I received it.

And so, you are out of journalism! Well, you have had a phenomenal experience in it. Nothing on earth but your business courage, your tenacity, and your willingness to risk your own capital in the venture kept the life in the *Press* until it was able to go alone and was something to sell. I do sincerely hope that you have made some pecuniary profit out of it; but if not, well, your experience, and the insight you have attained into men and affairs must be marvelously interesting and worth considerable.

You have been into and seen more, and been a part of more, of the history of New York journalism and politics, in the last seven years, than any man in the profession. Some day I want to tell you what I think I know of the Jay and Candler offer to buy the *Press* last year and of R. P. P.'s relation to it.

Let me thank you from the very heart for all your kindnesses and courtesies to me, and tell you that I shall never cease to appreciate your gentle goodness. And now this last pretty testimony of your regard—"The Colonel's sword"—I can only say that I shall wear it with great pleasure as your

gift. I am impatient to see it, and I'll take care that it shall always guard our sacred friendship.

I must see you from time to time, even if I have to go to Fitchburg—'the country'—to do it. But wherever you are you will never know a truer admirer and more loyal friend than

Ashbey W. Cole.

Grandfather once told my father that the one thing he had learned from the newspaper business, above everything else, was to be especially careful about what he allowed to get into print. At one time, a writer on his paper covered the debut of a concert singer and wrote a disparaging account of her performance in the *Press*. This story caused my grandfather a great deal of worry and expense. The opera singer brought suit for \$10,000 against the paper. No less prominent an attorney than Elihu Root defended the paper against the charge of libel. The case was lost, and the injured star received a judgment of \$10,000.

After selling the *Press*, Grandfather was approached with the suggestion that he start a new newspaper in New York, to be an advocate of silver, as the following letter indicates:

87 Pulitzer Bldg., New York,
July 10, 1896

Dear Mr. Phillips:

This will be a great time to start a silver daily paper in New York; there is none, and only the *Journal* is likely to turn towards silver. The silverites may win, in which event the paper would be a power. Under any circumstances, it would be profitable. Would you care to start another paper?

Very sincerely,

A. Curtis Bond.



James Phillips Jr.

W. S. Williams

Richard A. Fisher

W. S. Williams

W. S. Williams

W. S. Williams

W. S. Williams

W. S. Williams

W. S. Williams

FEBRUARY 26TH, 1869

24 EAST 60TH ST

Levi P. Morton

Wm. Root

Wm. Root

S. B. McKee

Wm. Root

Wm. Root

Wm. Root

Wm. Root

Wm. Root

Wm. Root

John B. Smith

John B. Smith

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John B. Smith

John B. Smith

A photostat is given here of one of Grandfather's dinner cards signed by many of the country's leading men, including the names of Theodore Roosevelt, General William T. Sherman, Elihu Root, Chauncey M. Depew, William Rockefeller (brother of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.), J. Whitelaw Reid (Ambassador to England and owner of the *New York Tribune*), A. D. Juilliard (owner of the Juilliard Academy of Music in New York), Jesse Seligman (prominent New York banker), W. L. Strong (whom my grandfather was later instrumental in electing Republican Mayor of New York), James Smith, Jr. (United States Democratic senator from New Jersey), Edward H. Ammidown (President of American Protective Tariff League), Cornelius N. Bliss (Secretary of the Interior in President McKinley's cabinet), Levi P. Morton (Governor of New York from 1895 to 1896, United States minister to France, 1881-1885, Vice President of the United States, 1889 to 1893), Brayton Ives (president of the New York Stock Exchange, president of the Metropolitan Trust Company, and president of the Northern Pacific Railroad), Richard Butler (Major of the New York National Guards), Frederick D. Grant (son of President U. S. Grant, brigadier general of the United States army, United States minister to Austria, and Police Commissioner in New York), and Thomas B. Clarke (president of the New York School of Design and art collector.) This banquet was held in 1889 while my grandfather owned the *New York Press* and was being consulted concerning many important political matters.



Politics

IN POLITICS, my grandfather was an ardent Republican, a firm believer in the protective tariff, and a most vigorous supporter of the principles and aims of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. From 1886 to 1895, he was a member of its executive committee, and from 1895 to 1903, a vice president.

While owner of the *New York Press*, and during his years of prominence in the political life of Boston and New York, Grandfather became personally acquainted with many of the country's leading politicians, which included President William Harrison, President William McKinley, Andrew White (ambassador to Germany), President Theodore Roosevelt, Vice President Charles Dawes, Governor Curtis Guild, Governor Eben Draper, Governor Roger Wolcott, Thomas Reed (Speaker of the House and later presidential

candidate), Governor William Murray Crane,¹² Senator Thomas C. Platt, Senator William Butler, and Frank W. Stearns (adviser to President Coolidge). Grandfather was often called to Washington to consult with Presidents Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt.

A warm friendship sprang up between President McKinley and my grandfather that did not end until McKinley's assassination. His acquaintance with President McKinley began when the latter was chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and was engaged in the laborious work of constructing a tariff bill, which afterward was known as the McKinley Bill. As owner of the *New York Press*, my grandfather advocated the McKinley Bill for the protection of American industries. A news-clipping from the *Boston Herald* gives his outlook for the revival of trade, upon the passage of the McKinley Tariff Bill, as follows:

"I think it is a crime to cry calamity at this time. Confidence must precede prosperity. As a matter of fact, the woolen trade is in excellent shape. We are going ahead with full confidence in the future. What we all want to see in this part of the country is the speedy passage of the McKinley Tariff Bill. The sooner that is done the better. It will mean a great increase in the consumption of woolen goods, and it will mean also the starting up of machinery now idle and of new machinery. It will mean larger employment of

[12] Governor William Murray Crane, Governor of Massachusetts, and United States Senator from that state, was a lifelong friend of Grandfather's. The following letter reveals Governor Crane's friendship for him:

"Dalton, Feb. 13, 1897. My dear Mr. Phillips: I had a notice from the Union League Club that I had been elected a member and I appreciate it. I am entirely indebted to you for it and I thank you for your very many kindnesses to me. I am proud of your friendship and I hope that I may always retain it. With kindest regards, I am your sincere friend, W. M. Crane."

men at remunerative labor. Even now the factory operatives of New England are doing well. The cry of distress has ceased in anticipation of the new tariff.

"There is one new curious feature of the woolen business; that is, the effect of the bicycle craze upon the consumption of men's wearing apparel. You would not think it, but the mere fact that men wear bicycle clothes and use them during business hours, has had a perceptible effect upon the demand for woolen clothing. But, bicycles aside, I am confident that business of all kinds is going to improve. It has bettered already. We are on the eve of a great industrial and commercial revival. There can be no question about that. I am talking earnestly, from what I know. Just let Congress pass the Tariff Bill and then adjourn. When it comes together again in December, our national legislature will find a laughing, happy people, asking what more lawmakers can do to aid their natural prosperity."

Frequent conferences on the McKinley Bill brought my grandfather in close relation with President McKinley during the years that preceded his nomination and election as President of the United States.

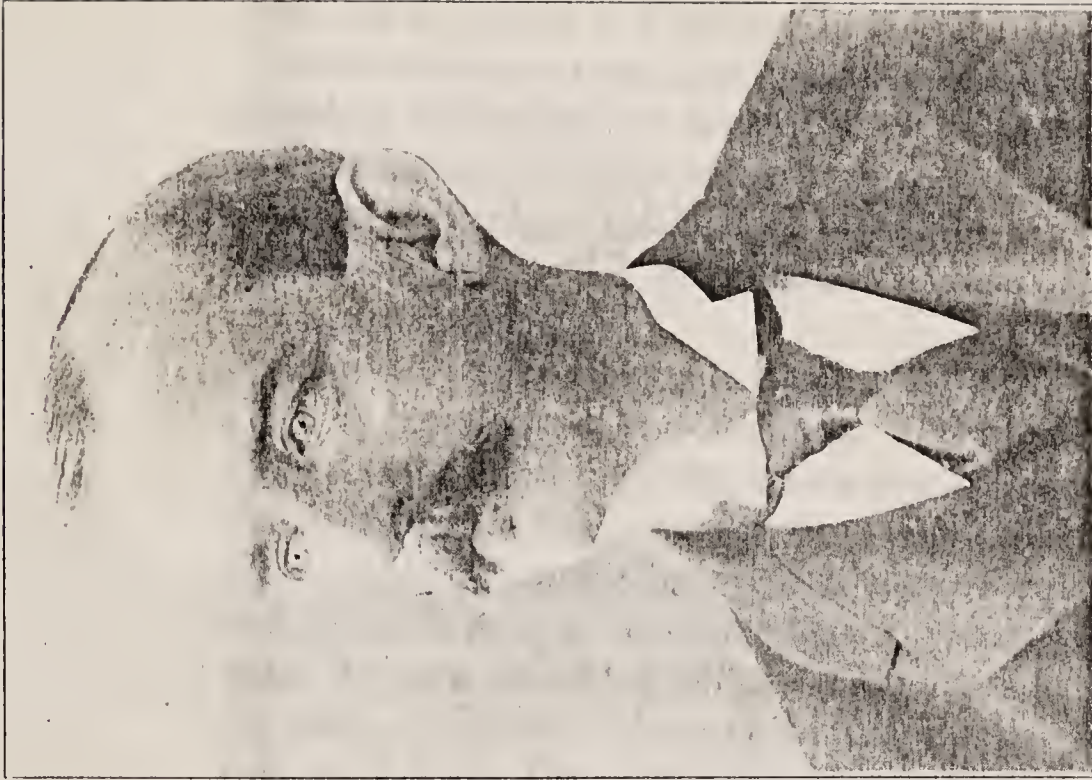
Grandfather wrote of his conferences with President McKinley as follows:

"In that period when he was governor of Ohio, the *Press* frequently brought his name forward as a strong candidate for the presidency, advocating his nomination as often as it seemed expedient. So friendly did these relations become that I had the privilege, with Mr. Porter, of passing the half-hour preceding his inauguration alone with him at his hotel.

"In January, 1897, I received an unexpected summons



*William M. Butler, campaign manager for President Coolidge
and United States Senator, who was a very
close friend of Grandfather's.*



*Ex-Governor William Murray Crane, Governor of Massachusetts,
and United States Senator from that state, who was a
lifelong friend of Grandfather's.*

to come to Cleveland to meet President McKinley, who was visiting at the home of Myron T. Herrick, now ambassador to France, and trying to get a few days' rest from the clamorous office-seekers at Canton. On reaching the station, I was ushered into a private apartment in a Pullman car, where President McKinley was waiting to meet me, and during our conference we were entirely alone.

"Mr. McKinley explained at once that his reason for calling me was to talk over cabinet matters which were troubling him greatly."¹³

After a lengthy discussion, they decided on Lyman D. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury. My grandfather had some delicacy in making suggestions bearing on other cabinet positions, but finally ventured to suggest: "Mr. McKinley, I would like to say that we have men of high character and ability in Massachusetts for other positions in the cabinet if they are not already filled." Thereupon he suggested the name of Governor John D. Long for a post in the new cabinet. To this, President McKinley replied:

"You have given me great joy. I would like nothing better than to have Governor Long as a member of my family, and I authorize you to go to Boston at once and ask him to come to Canton, and tell him that he may have his choice of three positions—attorney general, secretary of war, or secretary of the navy, and I want you to hasten as quickly as possible and submit my proposition to him."¹⁴

That the appointment of Governor Long as Secretary of the Navy was given favorable consideration by other men of importance besides my grandfather may be seen from

[13] Letter by James Phillips, Jr., to the *Springfield Republican*, dated Jan. 22, 1923.

[14] *Ibid.*

the accompanying letter written by Myron T. Herrick,
later Ambassador to France:

Society for Savings,
Cleveland, Jan. 18, 1897

My dear Mr. Phillips:

I have your valued favor of 14th instant, enclosing one from Mr. Graham, which I herewith return to you, feeling that with such men as yourself advocating the cause of ex-Governor Long, no one else in Massachusetts will be so favorably considered by Major McKinley for a cabinet position. Your visit, although for another purpose, was especially opportune. Major McKinley had the impression that Governor Long's health was such as to prohibit his acceptance of any official position. After you returned, I received a telegram from Mr. Coffin, as well as from other friends upon whom it is always safe to rely. Upon receiving this information, and that from other sources, the Major decided to request ex-Governor Long to come to Ohio. I have been absent for a few days, and, therefore, much to my regret, I missed seeing him while here.

I thank you for your kind expressions, and hope that you may soon come to Ohio again, as your visits are fruitful in good results.

Very sincerely yours,
Myron T. Herrick.

My grandfather called on Governor Long at his law office to deliver the message, and telegraphed to the President, Longs preference for the post of secretary of the navy. Late in the Spanish-American war, President McKinley said to

Grandfather, "I cannot express to you what an infinite comfort Secretary Long has been to me all through these trying times."

A letter from President McKinley's private secretary to Grandfather, in recognition of his aid in Governor Long's appointment to the position of Secretary of the Navy, now follows:

Canton, Ohio, Jan. 13, 1897

Mr. James Phillips Jr.,
Care, Hon. John D. Long,
Tremont Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—Major McKinley directs me to inform you that he has taken due note of your communication of the 9th inst. in regard to Governor Long, and is highly appreciative of your friendly interest and courtesy in this matter.

Yours very truly,
James Boyle

When Calvin Coolidge became President, Grandfather once said, "I suppose if I knew President Coolidge, as I did President McKinley, he would not act at all in the same way. The close personal element has gone out of politics. President McKinley used to say: 'Mr. Phillips, that will be attended to,' but President Coolidge, or more than likely a private secretary, would say to me, 'Mr. Phillips, that will be taken under advisement.' Times have changed, and it is very difficult now to get to the higher-ups in Washington."

Before the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, my grandfather received a letter from C. A. Coffin, president of the General Electric Company, asking him to write Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and urge him to use his influence to

avert that crisis. Coffin's letter to my grandfather is given here:

New York Office, 44 Broad St.

March 26, 1898

Mr. James Phillips, Jr.

The Touraine, Boston

My Dear Mr. Phillips:

Feeling somewhat uncertain as to whether Lodge will join forces with the 'jingoes' at any moment, I have written him as per enclosed copy. I wish you and your friends, if you feel like it, would add a word of admonition and write him. It is possible that the attitude of Lodge in this crisis may greatly influence the Senate.

Very truly yours,

C. A. Coffin.

Grandfather wrote the following letter to Senator Lodge that same day:

March 26, 1898

Henry Cabot Lodge, Esq.

My Dear Senator:

In this grave crisis all eyes are turned to the representatives of the people in the Senate and House at Washington. The patriotism of those representatives has been amply proved by recent events. There is now required a more difficult task—a demonstration of patience, deliberation, and calm judgment.

In the present emergency our duty is first to our country and its citizens; next, to do everything possible to lessen the misery in Cuba.

I hope Congress will take no action in the present excitement which will make a rupture with Spain inevitable. No more cruel act could be done by us to the Cuban people than to resort to war wherein thousands would starve who might otherwise be reached and fed.

More than this, would be the infinite crime against our own people of precipitating war, if by an honorable means it may be averted.

Our country does not want war; the poor Cubans would be the first and greatest sufferers as a result of it.

I feel convinced that any man now in Washington, occupying a position in which he can exert an influence for or against war, will assume a stupendous responsibility if he fails to use that influence, with the greatest emphasis and openness, against it, unless there should be an overt act on the part of Spain.

In writing this I am but voicing the best sentiment, as I find it, in my intercourse with loyal and serious men of all parties and from all sections of the country.

Your course in this grave situation has given great satisfaction to your friends and constituents, and I write this that you may know the views of very many loyal citizens, whose point of view has the advantage, at least, of being somewhat free from the pressure which is borne in from all directions upon the Administration and others in Washington.

Trusting that we may come out of this grave crisis with peace and honor, and that you will do everything therefor which your exalted position enables you to do, I am,

Most sincerely yours,

James Phillips, Jr.

Grandfather was once offered the ambassadorship to France, but he declined. He did, however, fulfill a secret mission for President McKinley in England. On another occasion, Grandfather aided in defending property rights of the Roman Catholic church, called Friars' land, for the United States in the newly acquired Philippine Islands. He was also on the board of overseers of Annapolis, and made a number of trips to the Naval Academy in that capacity.

An article in the *New York Post* for October 22, 1895, calls my grandfather one of the sixteen solidest men in Boston. He was a director of the Boston Elevated Railway Company. He was chairman of the Republican campaign in Boston at the time of Thomas Reed's campaign for the presidency. Reed was defeated because of his uncertain stand on the tariff. He wrote my grandfather the following letter thanking him for his aid in the campaign:

New York City, June 21, 1896

Dear Mr. Phillips:

We did not succeed and we did not have a very good time about it, but I have the same reason to appreciate your friendship as I would had we swept the board. I hope to retain your good will the rest of my life.

Sincerely and truly,

T. B. Reed.

To show the strong feeling, at that time, among manufacturers in favor of a tariff, and to explain why manufacturing men were unwilling at first to vote for Reed, this letter from Richard Campion to my grandfather is quoted:

Richard Campion—Yarns—17 Bank Street
Philadelphia, October 23, 1895

Dear Phillips:

I have yours of the 18th. I am very glad to know that Mr. Reed *now* believes that a Tariff Bill should be and will be passed by the next House at its first session, even if it gets no further than *to* the Senate, although I see no reason why it should not get *through* the Senate—and also that he will oppose taxing beer or in any manner increasing internal taxation, and above all, that he will oppose any legislation for borrowing money—in fact that he not only believes in the regular Republican doctrines (which nobody doubted) but that he believes in the desirability of the next Republican House of Reps. *passing* bills to carry into effect those doctrines, and have the responsibility of further action with a mongrel Senate and Democratic President.

I take it from your letter that these are Mr. Reed's views and so taking it, will be as well pleased with Mr. Reed for President next time as with any one else.

Yours,

Dick.

P. S.—The enclosed resolutions show that I did not overstate the position of our people here on these questions.

Grandfather was also a member of the Union Club of Boston, a social club, which met every two weeks for luncheon, at which time a large symbol of the Republican elephant was always on the table. All the men present at these luncheons, with the exception of my grandfather and one or two others, were either past or future governors of Massachusetts. While in Boston, he frequently attended a

dining club that included Governor Eben S. Draper, Charles F. Sprague, and George V. L. Meyer, then ambassador to Italy.

Party spirit governed Grandfather to the extent that he sought to promote the success of the candidates of his own party, and he aided them in settling questions of importance. He refused, however, to take any public office, preferring to remain a power behind the throne.

That Grandfather did not always take his politics too seriously, is indicated by this story told me by my father: "I once saw Mr. Phillips," he said, "escaping by a back door from a political meeting in Boston with his friends Senator William M. Butler and Mr. Frank W. Stearns. The three men, who were laughing and joking, were as jubilant over their escape from the dull and tiresome meeting being held within, as college boys who had cut an unpopular lecture."

One of the 'old-timers' that remembers Grandfather, is Judge Michael J. Murray, of the Boston municipal court, who counted him a "fine character, a splendid citizen and a loyal friend."

"He was an extremely modest man," said Judge Murray. "He shunned publicity. I recall more than one occasion when he deplored even complimentary references to himself in the newspapers. His Republicanism was ingrained, but he was tolerant of the views of others. He never indulged in personalities or abuse of his political opponents, and he would not let his paper be severe to the opposition."¹⁵

My grandfather was intensely patriotic. It is said that the custom of flying the United States flag in public schools was suggested by him to President McKinley.

[15] From the *Boston Herald*, September 1, 1931.



Adventures in Mining

WHEN my grandfather retired from the manufacture of woolen textiles and the management of the *New York Press*, he looked around for what he called some “knitting work” to occupy his time. In his late fifties, he became interested in copper mines in this country, and was a pioneer in the development of low-grade porphyry copper enterprises. Beginning in the 1890’s as president of the Butte & Boston, his experience in copper mining was long and varied. He was an active director in the operating and financing of the following important and dividend-paying companies: The Boston & Montana (later combined with the Butte & Boston into the Amalgamated Copper Company, now the Anaconda, in which my grandfather played an important part with H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil), the Utah Consolidated, the Greene Cananea,

the New York and Nevada (later the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company), and the Tennessee Copper Company. My grandfather was president of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company and also of the Tennessee Copper Company at the time of its greatest prosperity. In addition, he also developed and owned the Ajo Consolidated Copper Company, later merged with other properties as the New Cornelia Copper Company, now a unit in the Phelps-Dodge Corporation.

While carrying on these many operations, my grandfather was also actively engaged in having original claims in Alaska located and patented. One of these groups of claims,¹⁶ the Green Butte, near the Kennecott mine at McCarthy, covers a high-grade copper deposit, and if copper metal comes back to its former average price of 15c per pound, this claim may prove to be as profitable as any of my grandfather's earlier mining ventures.

Besides the already-mentioned copper mines, my grandfather was also interested in coal, iron, and gold mines in the United States, Canada, and Manchuria.

Grandfather was an operator and not a speculator in mining; he was not a swivel-chair executive, nor did he take any figure-head directorships, and he always watched closely the basket that he put his eggs in. Before he put his money in a mine, he always went to see if it really was a good investment. In 1902, he went alone to visit a mine in the Sierras that he was thinking of investing in. The mine was so difficult to reach, and the trip was so hard, that one of the horses died from exhaustion. Many men would have

[16] My grandfather's Alaskan mining groups also include the Great Northern Development Company and the Regal mines.

been satisfied to rely upon the reports of the owners, but my grandfather, as was habitual with him, was determined to see the mine himself before putting his money in it. In Tennessee, Nevada, Arizona, and even Alaska, he was not satisfied to rely entirely upon the reports of subordinates, but visited his mining properties frequently until old age prevented him from doing so.

He was not content with viewing the surface developments of a mine, but went down underground on numerous occasions. Once at the Nevada Consolidated mine, just after there had been a big accident underground, and also a disagreement among the miners and operators, which had resulted in a shooting fray, Grandfather, with his customary impulsiveness, and against advice, went down in the mine for a visit of three hours—a thing that no swivel-chair operator would do.

He always took a vital and personal interest in all the details, and was most particular about selecting the name for a new mine. He wanted to have it look right on a legal document or stock certificate—a tendency toward accuracy of expression developed from his newspaper experience. He always read contracts himself rather than delegating this task to a lawyer. When the first motor truck was bought for the mine at Ajo, he insisted upon riding in it himself before it left New York, in order to satisfy himself that it would fulfill all requirements. It was largely because of his careful attention to details, and his interest in all the vital problems of mining, that he enjoyed a surprisingly high percentage of successes, as compared with ventures of other mining operators.

While good luck and chance may play an important part

in any mining success, and it is often truly said that "a good mine makes a good engineer," it will be clearly seen that my grandfather's success was achieved by his long, careful planning, great determination, and optimism, that made him keep on when others became discouraged and gave up.

That my grandfather's success resulted from his careful planning will be evident from his intelligent grasp of a vital problem connected with the operation of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company, of which he was the president and one of the largest stockholders, although the field operations were conducted by Pope Yatemann, Joseph Gazzam, and other engineers of the Guggenheim staff. Because of the large quantity of sulphide ores in the Nevada Consolidated mines and the relatively small amount of oxidized ores, the Guggenheims decided to use only the sulphide ores and to ignore the oxidized. The latter were used for railroad fills, and large tonnages of these oxidized ores were dumped beyond all recovery. The Guggenheims also shipped to their Bingham smelter many carloads of this oxidized ore, which was used there as a flux for the flotation concentrate from the Utah Consolidated mills, because the oxidized ore from Nevada ran high in silica. For this oxidized ore, the Nevada Consolidated was paid only \$2 per ton, although this ore contained eighty pounds of copper, making it worth twelve dollars per ton. At the same time, these same Guggenheim smelters were buying for flux other silicious ores from the Snowstorm mine in Idaho, which was four times as long a haul as the Nevada haul, and were paying a higher price for it. While president of the Nevada Consolidated, my grandfather saw the extravagance and waste of handling the oxidized ore in this manner and made a study to discover

why the copper in carbonate ores, such as these Nevada oxidized ores, could not be profitably recovered. It seemed to him that there should be a more economical method for recovering the valuable metals in oxidized ores than the expensive process considered necessary at that time.

My grandfather and his engineers, Utley Wedge, Leslie Webb, and H. F. Wierum, discovered that the most economical method of reducing oxidized ore was by hydrometallurgy; namely, using acidified solvents instead of fuel. This was a less expensive treatment than the one believed necessary at the Nevada Consolidated. A study was next made of the treatment of ores with a high sulphur content then being imported from the Rio Tinto mines in Spain to the Pennsylvania Salt Company near Philadelphia, a chemical company. This study caused my grandfather to realize that if cheap sulphur in large quantities could be obtained in the West, his problem of reducing oxidized ores would be solved. He used the results of this study of the hydro-metallurgical treatment of oxidized ores to good advantage at Ajo, Arizona, as will be shown later in the story of the Ajo enterprise.

Under my grandfather's presidency, the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company prospered greatly, and when the mines and plant had been brought to a high state of efficiency he decided to retire. At the annual meeting of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company, on November 2, 1910, S. R. Guggenheim and J. N. Steele were elected directors to succeed my grandfather, retiring president, and C. Hartman Kuhn, a director.

When asked for his reasons for not remaining as president of the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company, Grandfather said:

"I have had the matter under consideration for some time past. Other properties in which I am interested demand my attention. These holdings include many important copper properties in Alaska, which have been in course of development for several years. Recent railroad development means that these properties will eventually be large shippers of ore.

"I have the utmost confidence in the future of Nevada Consolidated Copper. The results have surpassed our most optimistic expectations. An analysis of the annual report will give the shareholders a clear and truthful idea of what has been accomplished. The company is now in a position to produce 85,000,000 pounds of copper a year, at a cost of around six cents a pound, which at thirteen cents a pound would mean earnings available for dividends of close to \$6,000,000 a year, or double the present annual dividend requirements.

"Under the present administration the mine has been developed to a point where it is self-sustaining, and where shareholders can feel sure of substantial returns on their investment. Total ore reserves of 40,360,000 tons, estimated conservatively, with a net cost of 6.42 cents per pound last year, guarantee the property a long life and large earnings even on a basis of the low prices for copper prevailing this year. With continued development along careful and conservative lines, there is every reason to believe that the future reports will be as gratifying as the one just issued, if not more so."

My grandfather stated that he was still the largest individual holder of the shares of Nevada Consolidated, and added that in view of the fact that the mine and plants had been brought up to their present high state of efficiency

and completeness, he felt he could retire with the feeling that the company was resting on a solid foundation and that a bright future for the property was assured.

Regarding the possibility of Nevada Consolidated becoming a part of the proposed copper merger, Grandfather said:

"I believe an amalgamation of the large copper properties would result in a solution of the copper metal sales problem. It would strengthen the position of the copper industry and work to the benefit of producer and consumer alike. It is my opinion that Nevada Consolidated will become a part of a copper merger that will embrace the important mines, and that the shareholders will get full value for their holdings when such a merger is carried through."

WHITE MESA

In March, 1911, with his idea of reducing oxidized ores by hydro-metallurgy in mind, my grandfather decided to investigate a group of mining claims in the White Mesa district, in Arizona Territory. This region, just south of the Utah state line, has often been described by Zane Gray in his novels. The White Mesa mining claims were about twenty miles from the Grand Canyon. These claims were originally located by General John A. Logan and a man named Kean. Although this property was within the limits of the Navajo Indian Reservation, it had been officially excluded from the Indian holdings.

From Flagstaff the road into this district was fairly good for the first 85 miles, but after this point, travel was difficult. Through cactus, sagebrush, and loose sand, with the sun

blazing down out of a cloudless blue sky, the trip was hard on the men and horses and required about three and a half days each way. Included in the property were 35 mining claims, which were scattered and not contiguous. The copper deposit was in sandstone about five miles from west to east and disappeared beneath beds of lava. Several samples taken from the various properties, all of equal weights, and thoroughly mixed, carefully sampled and assayed, showed two and a half ounces of silver and seven and one half per cent of copper. Careful experiments in the leaching of this ore resulted in recovery of ninety-nine per cent of the assay value in the form of nearly eighty per cent fineness, while the check on the tailings showed a saving of nearly ninety-five per cent.

According to the geologists, this region had been greatly eroded, so that its level was now possibly a thousand or more feet below the original level. The sandstones, tilted at all angles from almost vertical to nearly horizontal, gave a grotesque appearance to the region.

An examination of these claims showed that the mining cost would be low, because the rock could be easily broken; and the milling cost would not be high. Moreover, the labor cost was about the average, and cheap fuel could be obtained close by. The greatest problem was obtaining water, which could not be found in sufficient quantities on the property itself.

My grandfather sent James Gaskill, one of the original Nevada Consolidated pioneers, and Walter M. Briggs into this country on a prospecting trip. They used two four-horse teams with two Mormon drivers. The teams were heavily loaded with barrels of water for the expedition, but

the horses suffered greatly from drinking alkaline water from occasional surface pools.

It was hard work to prospect in the White Mesa country. At night it was dangerous to sleep on the ground because of rattlesnakes and scorpions, while in the daytime, the baking heat and lack of water made life exceedingly uncomfortable.

While prospecting, Gaskill and Briggs came on many abandoned mining shafts of unknown depth. The ore on the dumps of these old workings looked rich and promising. However, because of the difficulty of transportation and the lack of water, the White Mesa project was finally abandoned.

PICACHO

In the winter of 1911, after this expedition into the White Mesa, Gaskill heard from a man named Jack Gallagher about a promising deposit of carbonate ores near Picacho, California, about thirty miles northwest of Yuma, adjoining the property of the abandoned California King gold mine. This Jack Gallagher had been the hero of a famous mine rescue at the Giroux mine near Ely, Nevada. Heading the rescue work, he kept alive and fed underground a large party of miners for six weeks, and finally rescued them at great risk to himself.

For the work at Picacho, Gaskill decided to get a churn-drill, finally securing an old second-hand Star drill that had been used for drilling water-wells at Riverside, California. This, together with a number of tools, was purchased for \$300. Gaskill set up the churn-drill and began operations at Picacho where four to five hundred feet of trenching

had shown large outcrops of four per cent carbonate ore right on the surface. The outcrops were rich and the outlook for a real mine was most promising, as may be gathered from the optimistic tone of the following letter written by Gaskill to my grandfather:

Picacho, Calif., Oct. 18, 1911

Dear Uncle James:

Your two telegrams and also letter just received. I have taken up the question of freighting by water with Captain Polhemus, who was in charge of this work on the River for a number of years, and he reports that it is absolutely unfeasible. We are over 55 miles from Yuma by the river, and between here and Yuma, there is now the Laguna Dam which renders the river unnavigable below here. There is no railroad terminal close to the river within any reasonable distance above here.

We have not started our fourth drill-hole yet, but expect to within the next day or two. We found it necessary to cut and weld one of our drill stems before we could proceed further.

Although our last drill-hole showed some carbonates for the last 25 feet, I think that most of the copper values therein lie in the sulphides. We cut some ore in No. 10 shaft yesterday at 80' and this was sulphide, so we will discontinue this shaft today.

I do not anticipate any trouble in opening up 50,000 tons of carbonate in the near future. At present I should say that we have about 65,000 tons of ore in sight, if including both sulphide and carbonate.

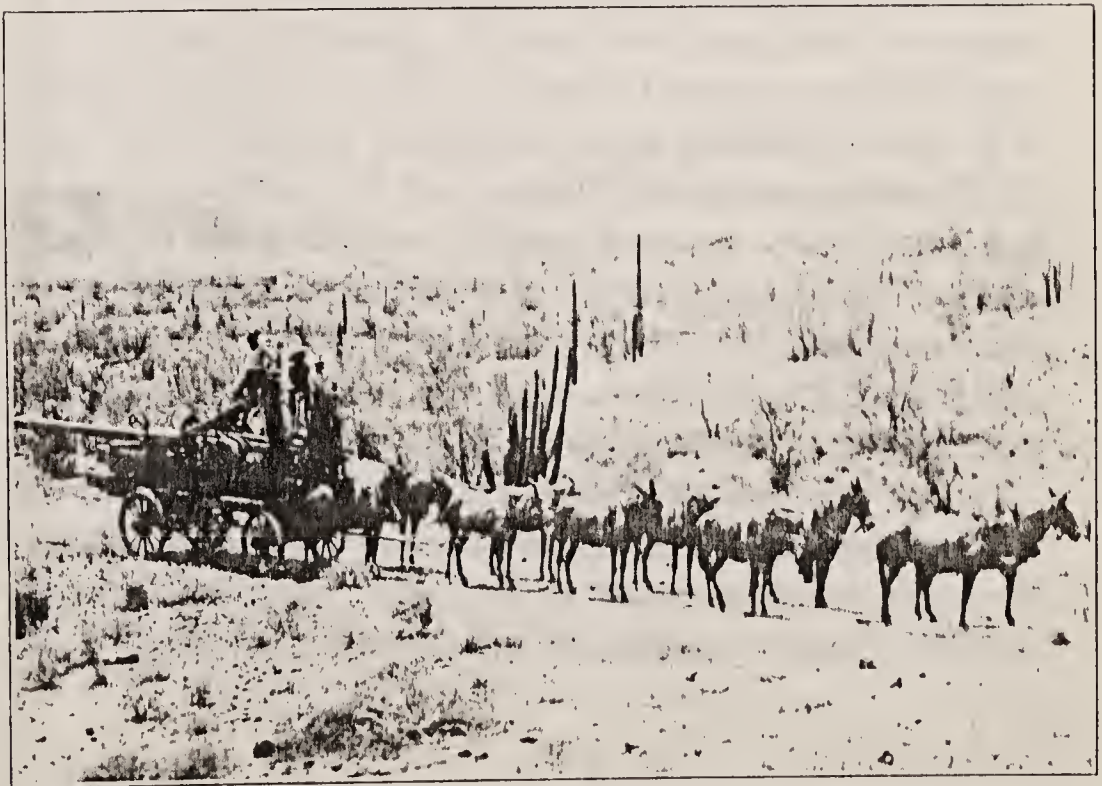
Gallagher and I think we can mine all of the carbonate



*James Gaskill and his son Junior on a native mountain-sheep at Picacho, California.
This sheep was accidentally caught in a trap.*



Prospect shafts put down by James Gaskill at Picacho, California.



Mules hauling Gaskill's churn drill across the desert to Ajo, Arizona, from Picacho, California.

ore now in sight and put it in bins in close proximity for \$1.50 per ton. Confidentially, I think we can do a little better than this estimate, and consider this an outside figure.

Affectionately yours,

J. P. Gaskill.

Unfortunately, it was then discovered that there was no secondary enrichment below the outcrop. Four or five holes and two shafts were sunk to a depth of one hundred feet, but the rich ore suddenly gave out.

AJO

That winter a party from Ajo, Arizona, came into camp at Picacho, and told Gaskill of the promising developments at Ajo, a mining region in the southern part of the desert about twenty-five miles from the Mexican border. Gaskill was invited to visit the locality, where he found the surface-showing quite amazing. At that time there were two main holdings at Ajo: the New Cornelia Company and the Randall Ore Company which had seven patented claims. The most active officer of the Randall Ore Company was H. C. Slack, of West Roxbury, Massachusetts, whose father had been in the woolen business in New England, and was then well-known to my grandfather, having at one time made an important woolen transaction with him. Ethan Allen, great-grandson of Ethan Allen of Revolutionary fame, was also an officer in the Randall Ore Company and was likewise known to my grandfather in the woolen business.

John Greenway, who was in charge of the work on the New Cornelia property, had decided not to renew his op-

tion on the claims of the Randall Ore Company. Greenway wrote Slack saying that he had heard that Slack intended to do business with somebody else and wished him luck. The inference has been made that the Randall Ore claims were sold before Greenway had relinquished his option. However, the following letter from Greenway to Slack clearly indicates that Greenway in July, 1912, no longer wished to keep his option and was quite willing that new capital should take over the Randall Ore Company's claims:

Warren Arizona, July 2, 1912.

Dear Mr. Slack:

I have your favor of the 13th ultimo, which I found upon my desk upon my return from Chicago today.

I have not heard from Mr. Murchie as yet. Of course when you desire the use of your houses at Ajo, we will arrange to give them over.

I congratulate you on having interested capital in your property. I have no knowledge of who they are, but I hope that they are people who are responsible and who will develop your property to your full satisfaction.

I shall be glad to see you when you are in this part of the country.

With kind regards,

Yours truly,
John Greenway,
General Manager.

Geologists examining the New Cornelia property for the Calumet & Arizona Company worked out the local structure and published a monograph, soon after, showing that the ore in the Ajo basin was localized in the New Cornelia

CALUMET & ARIZONA MINING COMPANY
SUPERIOR & PITTSBURG COPPER COMPANY

JOHN L. GREENWAY
1000 MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON
S. E. OF MINES
W. L. PARKER
S. E. OF MINES

J. F. CURRY
Copper Claims
W. L. CONDON
PITTSBURG, ARIZONA

WARREN, ARIZONA. July 2, 1912.

Dear Mr. Slack:-

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With kind regards,

Yours truly,


General Manager.

To-
H. CARLTON SLACK, ESQ.,
79 Milk Street,
Boston, Massachusetts.

[Letter from John Greenway to H. Carlton Slack relinquishing his options on the claims of the Randall Ore Company.]

MAP OF THE AJO COPPER BASIN ARIZONA



ground and that the outlying claims from that "mushroom" formation probably would not be of much value.

These outlying claims which comprised the territory of the Ajo Consolidated Copper Company had been prospected and optioned by many of the most prominent mining operators in the country, but were rejected by all of them except my grandfather, whose wide experience with many mines and whose foresight convinced him that this was a highly valuable property. His conviction was confirmed by highly favorable reports on the property rendered by James Gaskill, his nephew.

The original map of the Ajo copper basin, reproduced in these pages, was found by my father tacked on the wall of Levy's grocery store in Ajo. The map evidently once belonged to Rube Daniels, as his name appears on the back of the map thirty times in a flourishing hand. The autograph of W. A. Knox is also present, and there are notes of other near-by mineral claims, one of which was 18 miles southeast of Ajo. Also on the back of the map are the following notes written by Tom Childs: "Option requirements: ten per cent down, ten per cent six months, and balance six months."

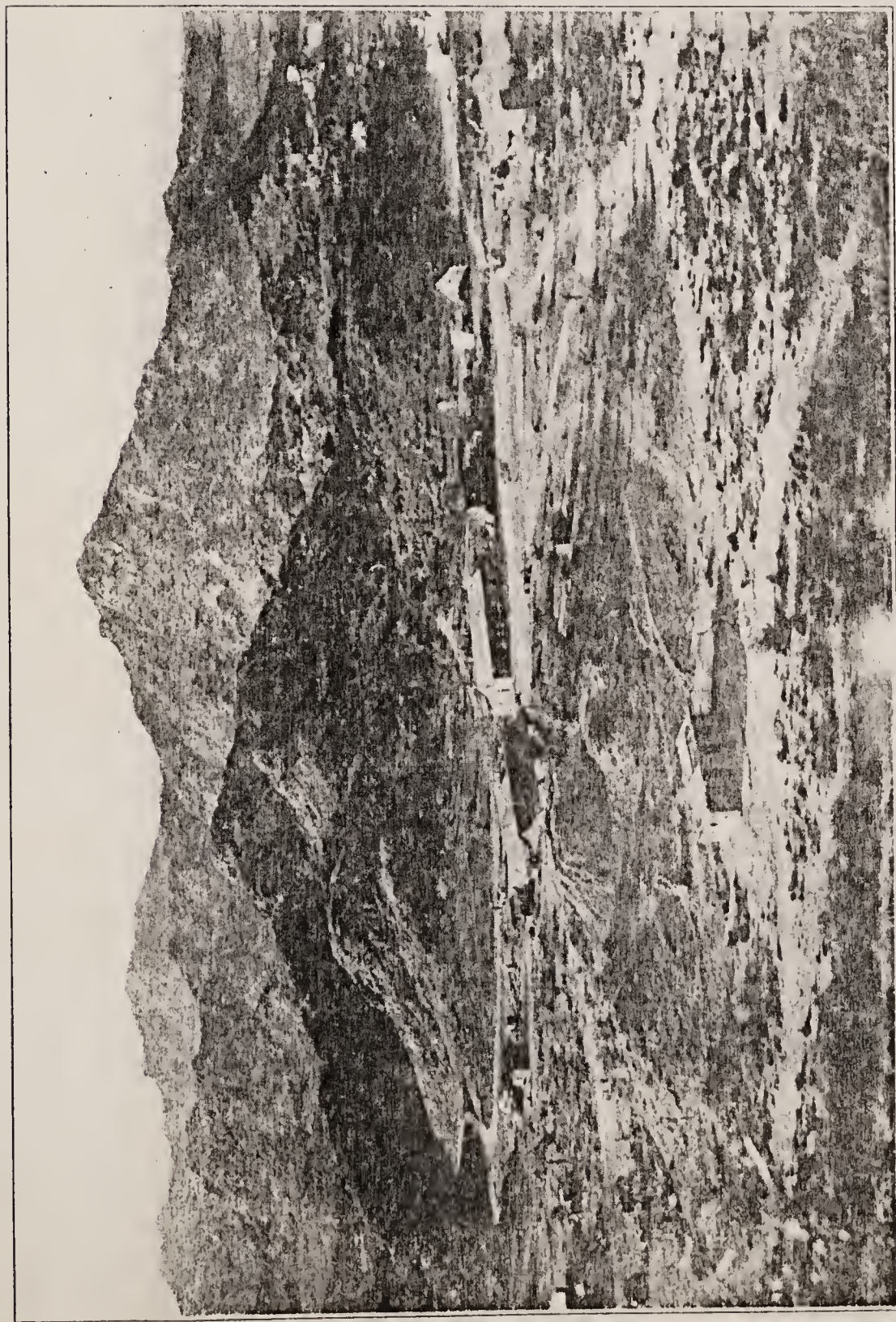
When Briggs and Gaskill were first investigating claims in this district, they found that an old desert squatter named Gillard had taken up his residence on the richest of the claims, although the locations he had made were about two miles to the south. He had built a fence around his garden with beautiful specimens of ore. One day this old fellow, who was eighty years old, took Briggs and Gaskill to see his own claims. The walking in the sun and sand greatly fatigued his companions, but the old squatter, fresh as a

daisy, jumped over sagebrush like a jackrabbit and bounded up hills like a mountain goat. A large sum of money was finally paid old Gillard in settlement for any possible squatter rights.

On the recommendation of Gaskill, a payment of \$50,000 for the property of the Randall Ore Company, with a promise of a later payment of \$100,000 additional in case the claims turned out well, was made to the officers of that company by Briggs.

Gaskill brought the churn-drill from Picacho to Ajo straight across the desert. Under great difficulties of heat, sand, gullies, no road, and no water, he succeeded in moving it, propelled by its own power and aided by twenty mules working in relays.

Gaskill started to develop intensively the ore indicated in the shafts and underground workings on the northeast side of the Ajo basin. He also located 54 additional claims. As the ore was peculiarly fissured, churn-drilling was not a success and that type of exploration was abandoned. The sludge was also difficult to recover and to assay accurately. A contract with the E. J. Longyear Company was let by Gaskill for four thousand feet of "hole" at \$2.50 per foot. The diamond-drilling by the Longyear Company was remarkably successful, the ore recovery was good, and the assays were accurate. Eighty holes were put down under successive contracts, and, in all, over 21,000,000 tons of better than 1.55 per cent ore was definitely proved. But this alone would not have made the property attractive. On one of the original patented claims, adjoining the New Cornelia ground, the diamond drilling showed 7 per cent ore, and two more holes showed a body of 5 per cent ore. The success



Ajo, Arizona, before the steam-shovels. The hills in the middle ground have been levelled, and there is a deep, open pit in their place where mining operations are going on today.

of the property purchased from the Randall Ore Company was assured, and before long many of the largest mining companies in the country were making tempting offers of purchase.

Under my grandfather's control, the old Randall Ore Company property, owned by the Ajo Copper Company, became the Ajo Consolidated Copper Company, a company that was organized to consolidate all of the claims and to clear their titles through re-locations and assessment work. These later claims, included under the Ajo Consolidated Copper Company, surrounded the original patented claims on three sides and included a great deal of territory not especially rich in mineral, but believed by Gaskill to be necessary for the dumping of waste and for the approaches and exits for the great open pit, as well as for the necessary crushing, concentrating and leaching operations in the near future.

In 1917, the Ajo Consolidated Copper Company was merged with the New Cornelia Copper Company by the exchange of stock, and my grandfather became a director in this new company. Later, the New Cornelia Copper Company was taken over by the Calumet & Arizona Company, which name it retained until it became a unit of the present Phelps-Dodge Corporation in 1931.

A good many hardships and privations were endured by Gaskill and others during the early developments of the Ajo Consolidated Copper Company, and its success, though it may sound easy, was won only after a severe struggle against many formidable obstacles. Once a buzzard was drowned in the barrel of drinking water, making it anything but palatable for a number of days until a new supply could be

obtained. In the summer time the little trickle of water that was used for washing was too hot in the day time or evening, and in order to wash at all, it was necessary to rise early in the morning before the sun had made the water too hot. The water supply was piped over the surface for 2,500 feet, and the black iron pipe became so hot in the sun that one could not touch it. For about six months out of the year the temperature at Ajo averaged about 110°. The refuse and tin cans on the dump, putrefying in the sun, brought enormous swarms of flies. In addition, rattlesnakes, scorpions, centipedes and gila monsters often shared the miners' shacks, and at times, even their bunks. And at night the camp was kept awake by the howling of coyotes. In the summer of 1915, because of the raid made on Columbus, a near-by border town, the possibility of attack by Villa and his bandits kept everybody on edge, and not the slightest assurance of protection could be secured from the War Department at Washington. Villa never appeared in person, but drunken Mexicans and half-breed Indians would often ride into camp offering insults. The miners silenced these bandits by threatening to clap them into the local calaboose, which was made by putting an iron grating over the opening of an old mine tunnel, and was about as stuffy and uninviting as the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Like other mine operators, my grandfather made light of hardships. "Don't tell me about privations," he would say, "What I want to know is, *Is there any ore there?*"

Ajo today is not a ghost town such as many other mining centers have become. It has been built to stay. The place presents a very different picture from that of the days of hardship and privations just related. My grandfather's pene-

trating question, "Is there any ore there?" has been well answered, for the capacity of the mine is now 16,000 tons of ore every day. Instead of a primitive settlement of tents and shacks, a flourishing town of 2,500 people now thrives upon this copper industry with a \$75,000 school, a hotel, two churches, an arcaded station, a business block, lawns, shade trees, public swimming pool, and an airport.

TENNESSEE COPPER COMPANY

My grandfather was president of the Tennessee Copper Company at the same time that he was interested in Ajo. In 1914, when I was thirteen years of age, my brother and I visited the mine at Copperhill. The next year I wrote an account of our descent into one of the mines for my school paper, entitled, "Eight Hundred Feet Underground," which I believe is as good a picture of the Tennessee mine as I am able to write today, and therefore, I make use of a short extract from it:

"From the top of a steep hill we looked down into the valley, where we could see the numerous lights of the smelting plant, and as we drew near, the sound of rattling machinery and the tooting of whistles came distinctly to our ears, sounding like the din of a hundred factories. Flames from the reverberatory furnaces, brilliantly illuminating the sky, combined with other lights, made a dazzling appearance to our eyes. We were driven at once to the Blue Goose Club house where we were to spend the night. When I opened my window and gazed at the plant the next morning, it looked huge, and the surrounding country for miles was like that of a desert—sand and rocks, and not a single tree or

blade of grass. I noticed a peculiar choking smell like that of matches. I asked what it was, and was told that it came from the sulphuric acid fumes, which flowed in a yellowish smoke out of a large chimney that towered over the plant.

“Later that morning, after I had visited the shops, I went into the smelting establishment. As I entered, I was choked by suffocating fumes like those I had noticed earlier. I then passed a long row of furnaces, where the ore was being smelted. For some minutes I watched the men working, then I made my way out into the fresh air again. I learned later that the sulphuric fumes were what killed the vegetation.

“Next morning I visited one of the copper mines. This mine was about seven miles off, and we rode there on a railroad belonging to the company.

“At the mine office we changed our clothes and slipped on some overalls and jackets belonging to miners; we then were given lanterns to light our way in the dark underground passages. We approached the shaft and stepped into a cage. After the man in control had given the signal, we were lowered into the earth, going faster and faster, with an increasing roar. Soon we felt the change of atmosphere; the walls were damp and cold. At every hundred feet there was a landing with a light; these lights passed quickly by, as we roared downward on our underground journey. At last, we reached the eight hundred level, eight hundred feet below the surface. We carefully stepped out into a passage, lit only by miners’ lanterns. The air was filled with the smell of burnt powder from a recent blast, the roof and sides of the passage were dripping with dampness. All about us huge boxes of dynamite were heaped on top of each other. Grimy miners smoked beside the boxes in a careless mood. I did not

feel quite at ease, at the thought that a tiny spark from their pipes might work its way into the deadly dynamite. We traveled slowly down the passage, led by the mine foreman, who showed us many things of interest. Every now and then a low rumble would come to our ears, and an ore-car would come around the corner, pushed by perspiring miners, forcing us to move to the side of the passage to get out of the way. Suddenly, a great din was heard, and we came to a place where some miners were working compressed-air drills. Here we obtained some excellent samples of the ore, which we took along with us. We then proceeded on our way through many gloomy passages. All was still but for the occasional sound of a distant blast, and the steady drip, drip, of falling water from the sides of the passage.

“At length we got into the cage and made our way to the top almost as quickly as we had gone down.”

It is an interesting fact that more money was made from the manufacture of sulphuric acid at the Tennessee Copper mine than from the actual mining of the copper ore. At that time this was the biggest sulphuric acid plant in the world, and every day a whole freight train of tank-cars loaded with acid was shipped from this plant.

ALASKA

Although many of the events of my grandfather's mining adventures in Alaska took place earlier than those connected with his mines in the United States, it seemed best to treat the Alaskan story last because these claims were in his possession at the time of his death and remain the property of

his immediate heirs. The claims are not being worked at the present time, because of the low price now offered for copper, and only the necessary assessment work is being done yearly on them by John E. Barrett, Alaskan representative for the properties.

In the spring of 1905, my grandfather formed the Donohoe Exploration Company by drawing up a short memorandum with F. F. Burgin and Dennis Donohoe, who were to investigate rumors concerning a mountain in Alaska of copper glance or bornite, specimens of which ran approximately 65 per cent copper. This assay value seemed to be amazingly high, because five, ten, or fifteen per cent copper was considered unusually good in the United States.

When the expedition went into the country where this mountain of copper was supposed to be, the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad had not yet been built. Transportation was difficult indeed. In the winter the cold was extreme, and sledding over the snow made freighting possible only in very small amounts. In the summer the streams were swollen from the melting glaciers, and the mosquitoes in the swamps and bogs were unbearable. Altogether it was an entirely different proposition from mining in the United States.

Nothing of any importance resulted from the expedition headed by Donohoe and Burgin. Had the expedition succeeded in reaching this mountain, they would have located many of the claims that are now being worked by the Kennecott Mining Company.

A few claims were located by Donohoe and Burgin, but it was later said, perhaps humorously, that the only work done on these claims was hanging up packages of dynamite in trees and setting them off by shooting at them, either because the



Walter M. Briggs and H. I. Gaskill with mountain-sheep shot on Kenecott Mountain, 192.



Prospect tunnel at Green Butte Mine, Alaska. James Gaskill, engineer in charge (on left).

expedition did not wish to carry the dynamite back again with them, or because the party wished miners on near-by claims to think that they were busy. Other prospectors later said that no real mining work had been done, but whether or not this is true would be difficult to determine, as any shallow pits or trenching they might have made would have been obliterated by snowslides and thaws in the summer time. At least some fine bear and lynx skins and some mountain-sheep heads were brought to New York, together with some remarkable specimens of copper ore.

This expedition also brought back a photograph of a lump of native copper that was big enough for three or four people to sit on and weighed several tons. It was in an inaccessible spot, and it is probably still there, as it could not be blasted or profitably chiseled into smaller pieces.

This same year Edwin F. Gray and James Gaskill took an expedition into Kotsina Creek, which carried over the snow on horse-drawn sleds about \$50,000 worth of supplies. Their objective was about 55 miles west of where Donohoe and Burgin had been. A sawmill, which they brought over the ice, was set up, and about 50 miles of telephone wire was stretched, under tremendous difficulties, through swamps and across rivers, from their camp to the Valdez-Fairbanks trail, in order to send important messages and telegrams to New York. The establishing of this telephone line, which was done under Gaskill's direction, was a real feat of engineering. Ironically enough, after all Gaskill's tremendous labor expended in putting up this line, it was used successfully only a few times, because the line was continually being broken by storms, falling trees, and landslides.

Gray drove four or five tunnels on Kotsina Creek three or four hundred feet into various low-grade copper outcrops, which an assayer on the ground claimed would run four or five dollars a ton in gold alone. When assayed in New York, however, the samples did not verify his assertion. Gray believed that when the pits were enlarged, they would justify big-scale mining with the use of steam-shovels and would yield plenty of ore. Because of the prohibitive cost of transporting steam-shovels into this region, and of building and maintaining railroad spurs, not to mention climatic conditions, Gray's faith in this property never has been and probably never will be justified.

A third expedition was sent in the spring of 1906 by my grandfather to explore this region further. There were ten men in this party, all experienced in local conditions, including my father, whose diary of this expedition will be used to describe the many adventures this party encountered while in Alaska.

My father sailed from Seattle on the steamer "Jefferson" on June 11, 1906, for Juneau, Alaska. His diary reads as follows:

"June 11. This boat is so crowded that many persons have to sleep on the open deck. My cabin companion is a young steam-shovel engineer from Michigan, who is very fond of dancing. Every night there is a dance on board, which keeps up all night long just outside of my door. We have two thousand chickens on the upper deck in cages from which they get loose continually; six hundred sheep are on the middle deck, just outside the swinging dining-room door; and about forty cattle are in the hold.

"I hear that there has been some trouble at Katalla¹⁷ (on the eastern side of the delta of the Copper River) between the rival railroad interests, and that there has been some dynamiting and shooting.

"June 13. Ketchikan, Alaska. This town is a disappointment. Because the whole town is built on piles, it is impossible really to get on the shore. Everything is built out over the water. This does away with the need of sewers, and the water supply runs down the hills into the back yards. As the tide flows very swiftly, it would be impossible to climb out if one fell into the water.

"As I write, it is after nine o'clock, and the sun is still shining very warmly, high in the heavens, burning my face. Snow-capped mountains surround us, as they always have everywhere, every minute, for three days and three nights. I can see one particularly, named Devil's Thumb, which is one hundred miles away. It seems to be a regular obelisk.

"Our vessel keeps turning in so narrow a channel that an English cutter, which meets us, must wait until we pass, and our rudder is put over so hard that the vessel tips sharply in smooth water. We are just coming into Wrangell Narrows. These narrows are very dangerous on account of the extremely swift current, and the granite walls on either side are so steep that no man could scale them. The wind is blowing hard, and it is impossible to keep one's hat on, but the water is absolutely smooth, being protected by the mountains. As the steamer goes up through these narrows, we can just make our way against the current.

[17] This was confirmed later. A number of men were killed in this battle over the railroad right-of-way. The incident caused great political agitation against the Guggenheims and was the start of the Ballinger-Pinchot Alaska conservation scandal.

"The great question among the passengers is, 'How far are you going in?' 'In' means inside the coast mountain range.

"Saturday, June 15. Juneau. Went across Lynn Canal in the ferry-boat with Major Green and Governor Hoggett to visit the famous Alaska-Treadwell Mine. The United States troops are still here guarding the mines with Gatling guns. There are 1400 men employed, all of whom are foreigners, mostly Slavs. The mine is very low grade, the ore running about \$2 per ton in gold, but the tonnage is tremendous, and it is mined principally by open quarrying, by what is locally called the 'Glory-Hole' method, though underneath the 'Glory-Hole' the workings extend down 1400 feet. The 'Glory-Hole' itself is about 800 feet deep. As we went up to the edge of it, some tremendous blasts were fired which threw large pieces of rock into the air, over the mill, and down into the bay. There is no warning given of the blasts and every one has to look out for himself. The boards at the shaft house are as full of holes as a pepper box, caused by the small pieces of rock dropping on the roof or striking the sides. One piece of rock struck the timbers on the side of the tunnel, through which we had just walked, and sank three or four inches into the solid wood. The equipment of the mine seems to be very complete and scientifically run. It has already paid \$8,000,000 in dividends. Every one seems to go armed on the premises. This is really the frontier where people have to guard their money with their guns, supposedly because of the foreign laboring element.

"Sunday, June 16. I was awakened at one o'clock in the morning by the whistle of the Steamer 'Portland,' which is to take me to the westward. The 'Portland' was the first

steamer to bring out gold from the Klondike. She has been wrecked four times—twice completely under water—and has been salvaged and refitted in a most economical manner. Once, when she was used as an arctic ice-breaking boat, she was abandoned in the ice off Nome. The following year she sank and was completely submerged. The Company handed her over to the underwriters, and she was pieced together again. Two of my fellow travelers, who were going to the westward, turned all the way back to Seattle, a four days' trip, to reembark direct from that city by a better steamer rather than tempt fate in this old tub.

"The boat is so crowded that people are sleeping both on top, and under, the dining-room table, and on the floors in the smoking-room. There is no place to wash, and the dining-room is so dark that one can hardly see his plate.

"June 17. The real adventure seems to have begun. This trip now has every element of reality which can be painted in any color by poetic imagination or spoiled entirely by a bilious disposition. It is surprising to see how quickly the feeling among these explorers changes. When they see a boat going back south with semi-humans who have endured the winter, these co-adventurers of mine become discouraged and see nothing but gloomy prospects ahead.

"The town of Juneau has dwindled by one-half its population in three months. The real explanation is that the Government has put a stop to gambling, and all the dive-keepers had to get out.

"We have twenty-two 'young ladies' on board who are going up to start a theatre at Katalla. They are not all young, but some are very young. Their paint and powder looked strange as they disembarked at Juneau in the arctic morning light.

"The famous Beatson is on board. I introduced myself by saying, 'I hear the famous Mr. Beatson is on board.' That woke him up from his daydreams, and he confessed himself. The Rothchilds have not bought this mine, but some one else has the option on it, and 'the first payment will be \$1,000,000!' As he says this, he grins, and his yellow eyes look very amusing. A picture of this millionaire Beatson, dressed in a rotten old coon-skin hat and coat—the hat with coon-tails on it—and some fine white kid dancing gloves sticking halfway out of his pocket, would bring roars of laughter on the stage. He tells me he bought a watch in Seattle to give a young lady, but had to go back to the shop right away to buy another just like it because he gave the first one to the wrong lady.

"There is no place for me to sleep on this boat for the next six days and nights. Fifty other passengers, fat and thin, tall and short, young and old, will also sleep on the floors and decks, under the dining-room tables and in corners. They are stumbled over, never get washed, and will simply stew together until the journey is ended. Sleeping out in the woods would be a pleasure compared with the hubbub and the ceaseless movement on this boat.

"We are now out of the protection of the inland route and seasickness will be added to our pleasures. We are out of sight of land and of the big Malaspina glacier which I had particularly hoped to see. This is the biggest glacier in Alaska and its front is about 100 miles wide. It comes down directly into the sea from the sides of Mt. St. Elias.

"Tuesday, June 18. It took us eighteen hours to unload only 250 tons. A load of dynamite and gunpowder slipped into the water from the lighters, causing a \$10,000 loss.

"Wednesday, June 19. There is only one chair in the saloon and about four chairs, altogether, for the 250 passengers on this steamer.

"The islands south of Katalla are charted seven miles out of their correct position; that is, coming in from the sea, one strikes land seven miles sooner than expected. From the map, one doesn't appreciate that Kyak Island is thirty miles from shore. One would expect it close to shore. This is because old Russian Admiralty maps are still in use with American notes and corrections.

"Channing M. Coleman has given me his card, addressed, 'Rainier Grand, Seattle.' He is going to Montague Island to buy a copper prospect to sell some Chicago people. He says the big bear on that island have driven off almost all prospectors. The grizzlies up here have never seen man and do not have the proper inherited fear of rifles.

"We played whist on board tonight. The old-fashioned game up here is called invitation whist. The trump is cut for and kept the same all evening, which helps weak intellects or heavy drinkers.

"We have another priest on board now, a Moravian, named Seraphim. He is dirty beyond comparison, but polite and sensible, with an enormous gold chain and cross. He does not say grace standing, as the other bishops did, but I can see him do so silently. My right-hand neighbor at the table is a tall, fat, Washington-State bride, who wants to know why I came to this ungodly country. A young telegraph operator on board is very interesting. He was formerly a scout in the Philippines, where he had one hundred natives, Igorotes, under him. He says his men carried spears, eight-foot bows and arrows of the same length, also new

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rifles, but no other clothes or accoutrements besides cartridge belts. He tells me that when a surgeon was about to amputate his leg for blood-poisoning, he drew his pistol from under his pillow and halted the operation. Opposite me at the table is an Indian squaw with a white husband. She retires behind the lumber, which is piled on the decks up to the masts, and drinks from a quart bottle.

"I have been sleeping on the settee in the smoking-room where the door is slammed all night by people passing. I shall be glad to land and leave this rolling ocean to others. The bunks are sixteen inches wide and almost impossible to get into, except by putting in one leg and then the other, as though one were getting into his trousers. One cannot turn over, as the upper-bunk is flat on his face.

"The Yucatan, the transport that took the Rough Riders to Cuba, is rated as the best boat on this line.

"June 20. Arrived at Valdez about 10 o'clock tonight.

"Friday, June 21. We sent ten pack-horses ahead, inside, with nearly two tons of provisions. The contract price for this trip is forty-five cents per pound—a great deal higher than letter postage.

"Sunday morning, June 23. Raining hard. Left Valdez at 9 o'clock. We are now ten miles up the trail, having forded the glacier stream about twenty times without accident, except to one of the packers whose horse fell and threw him over his head into the mud. We are eleven people and eighteen horses, including one blind Government mule. All the outfit look rough, but are really decent people. When the hard work begins, all others usually drop out.

"Monday, June 24. We had hardly got started yesterday when the horses stampeded. We sent the packers after the

horses; one of the men fell into the river; another, who stayed out all night, is just back with the broncho. We are now ready to try again after eighteen hours' delay; so goes the pack-train.

"June 25. Rainy weather. We arrived at Ptarmigan Drop on the south fork of the Teikhell River at 1:30. Going over the summit, I saw a wolverine. The snow was very treacherous and the horses went down repeatedly, so that it was much safer to walk.

"People do not stray off alone in this country. Every mile of this trail has some unforeseen trap. Major Richardson, who is in charge of the Government trail, was caught in a snowslide the day before we started. He came back to Valdez, content to leave bad enough alone. The Government ought to be ashamed to call this a trail.

"This road-house is beyond description for dirt. I lay down on the floor and slept this afternoon. With so many small black bugs around, and with twelve people sleeping in this room, in which is a stove and a table, I have decided to pitch my tent and be more comfortable.

"Wednesday, June 26. A beautiful sunny day. Elevation, 1600 feet. Started at ten o'clock. Our horses were lost in the night. We are now on the north fork of Teikhell River. After twenty hours in the saddle, we have gone forty-eight miles, which is only two and one-half miles an hour. The mountains, brooks, streams, and, above everything else, the trees, against which the green pack-horses hit their packs, all require very slow going.

"We arrived at Ernestine at 4:00 p.m. There are twenty people in this road-house, which has only two rooms and one window. The mosquitoes have been getting worse and

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worse until now they are perfectly terrible. I am well protected with a tent-net, head-net and gauntlet gloves, but it is very hard to eat inside one's head-net. I shall remember Ernestine a long time. My bed was right beside the stove. As soon as I went to sleep, the cook began baking bread and kept it up all night, as the food had to be ready for twenty of us in the morning. The heat and the mosquitoes drove me outside, but the rain and mosquitoes drove me back in again, so I sat up most of the night.

"Friday, June 28. A very hot day indeed. The view of Mt. Drum, over Kimball Pass, is something to remember. Mt. Drum seems to reach the sky. It is almost entirely covered with snow—a very clear white against a dark blue sky. We can look, from our tents, sixty miles across the Copper River to Mt. Wrangell, a volcano. That is the point for which we are now making.

"We leave the Government trail here and will have to wallow now through the cedar swamps where the horses will be belly-deep in mud, and the trees are either fallen or very close together, which is hard on a loaded pack-animal.

"We kept on through the swamps, at the rate of about one mile an hour, until 12:30 at night, when we had to stop on account of the fatigue of the horses. We pitched our tents in the middle of a swamp, right in the water; but the mosquitoes were the main drawback. They were so bad that the horses would not eat, although they were hungry. They stood scraping themselves against our tent-ropes and had to be driven away several times in the night.

"Monday, July 1. Got up this morning at 4 o'clock, crossed the Copper River at seven, repacked, and started with the pack train at nine on the other side of the river.

The hills going up from the river were so steep that one of the horses rolled over backwards head over heels down a bank. The river here is about eight miles across. Its bed is very level and is filled with streams, the largest of which is about one-quarter of a mile wide. We drive the horses up the bank and force them in with sticks and stones, and they are floated down to the next shallow water where we meet them and frighten them into the water again, thus gradually getting across. We rode nine hours today without anything to eat.

"Tuesday, July 2. It is still hot and rainy; we have had to camp again in the marsh. This is hard on the horses and not much fun for ourselves. Some horses are lying dead in the swamp through which we pass. When our horses fall in a hole, they groan and lie there perfectly helpless until they are unpacked and pulled out. Then we drive them ahead into the next mud-hole. We have thirty miles more to go. The trail from here to Gray's Camp is across Long glacier and up the Kotsina River which we must cross perhaps twenty times. The river is very high and swift now because of the glaciers.

"I arrived at Gray's Camp tonight, the first of the party, having covered twenty-four miles without a stop in nine hours, thoroughly wet through from fording the glacier streams which were full of ice. It rained in torrents all day and was especially disagreeable because my gauntlet gloves were so soaked through that I could not wear them. We travelled all day over the glaciers and snow, and it was so cold that it was more comfortable to walk than ride. Yesterday I thought I should be sunstruck.

"July 3rd. Gray was not expecting me and was much

surprised to see me. The temperature is fifty degrees at noon. We have a beautiful view of Mt. Blackburn, at whose foot we are camped. The mountain, which has never been scaled, is 16,000 feet high. Often in the late afternoon, I can hear avalanches, started by the midday sun, come booming down its slopes. Because of these snowslides, I am sure that climbing Mt. Blackburn would be most difficult.

"The sawmill here, which was brought in over the ice last winter, is running. The powder-house, the vegetable garden, the new office building, the flume and the main tent, which is called the men's boarding-house, comprise the whole of camp No. 1.

"Thursday, July 4. Beautiful weather. The water froze in my tent last night. We had the regulation patriotic celebration of raising the flag, on a new flagpole, and a speech by Chandler this morning.

"July 5. Weather cloudy; 50 degrees temperature at noon. I walked with Gray yesterday up on the glacier; it snowed a little. This morning, Chandler, Gray, and I started up to Camp No. 2. Camp No. 2 consists of two tents, one for the cook and one for the miners. We went to the glacier tunnel which has been driven about forty feet and climbed the hill above it to especially examine the overhanging ledge directly above it. This outcrop is oxidized copper rock, which Gray calls the main body of the mother-lode. We climbed over almost the whole of it and examined the vertical face of the overhanging ledge. A good many of the very irregular boulders which form the outcrop can be easily pushed off and dropped straight down 100 feet into the opening of the tunnel. We arrived at noon at the top of this hill, which is the middle of the mother lode. It is covered with a thin

layer of moss on top of some light talus or shale, and the slope is nearly 45 degrees. I took some good photographs on the top of this body, which Gray calls the Shearzone. Then we plunged down the slide across the foot of a glacier and examined Tunnel No. 3. I made arrangements today with one of Gray's best men, who is the foreman on Rock Creek, to take me down the Copper River when I started for home.

"July 6. Rainy and cloudy. Temperature, 46 degrees. We examined the five tunnels down on the bed of the Kotsina River today. One of these, called Kotsina No. 2, was in chalcopyrite. Tunnel No. 5 has struck into a well-defined vein of soft whitish-looking ore which may carry high silver value. (The other tunnels do not count as yet, except to get the men under cover.) Tried fishing for trout today, but with no luck.

"July 7. Temperature, 48 degrees. Cloudy at 9 a. m. Buntin, Gray, Chandler and I went up to Camp No. 3, where we were caught in a hail-storm. We walked up the glacier and found some fused copper. There was a heavy rain and mist on the glacier.

"The Gelineau Camp is way up on the summit. It seems impossible for a man to live in a tent pitched at such an angle. The floor of the tent must be 30 degrees. We heard that one man up there had been stricken with paralysis.

"I saw the Kansas Route, New York, and Thompson claims today. I got two lynx skins which I expect to make into parkas for the boys.

"Monday, July 8. Fair and cool. Gray's foreman at Rock Creek has flatly refused to go down the Copper River with me although he will give no reason for his refusal. Gray is trying to persuade me not to do it.

"Lathrop brought some mail today, also a cable from Mr. Phillips and the gossip from the outside.

"I heard that Bergin crossed the Copper River on July 6th, with five horses. Also that Carothers and his partner lost a horse by drowning in the river. They sold their remaining outfit to Lathrop and turned back. I am sorry that Stodder went back on me, but I told Gray that I would take Harold. Harold is a young Danish sailor, about twenty-four years old. He is one of the most strongly built men I have ever seen; very short, with a tremendous chest and regular bull neck. His only drawback is that he is very stupid. However, I think that the two of us can get our boat down the river all right. I note that the sea-gulls come way up here in this valley, 125 miles from the sea.

"Tuesday, July 9. Started home today at 10 o'clock with Gray and Chandler for companions for the first day's ride. I have taken provisions for three weeks, which will surely see me down the river.

"We arrived at Copper Creek at about one o'clock and had lunch with the telephone outfit. Just below here we met Jim Gaskill, whose horse had fallen into the river with him. I feel very proud of the work he has done on the telephone lines.

"It rained hard today, as usual, and it has rained once a day since we have been in this country. While on the trail, we do not have much to eat, as no one takes the trouble to cook, and there is no time to get things together.

"Tomorrow, Gray, Gaskill, and Chandler leave me to go on to the Kennecott. They have four horses. We have lost one of ours, but still have two horses for the three of us. We picked up a boy by the name of King to take back our horses when we get into the boat at the Copper River.

"Wednesday, July 10. Harold, King, and I started from Willow Creek for the Copper River at 8 o'clock. We lost the trail and got down into some swamps, where we ran across a dead horse. The mud-holes in the swamp are very deep. Both horses are so tired from the mud that they sit down on their hind legs in the camp just like dogs.

"We built a fire in the Indian clearing but had nothing to cook with as we had found absolutely none of the things we were told we would find in the cache at Horse Creek. We made tea in the bottom of a leaky, tin horse bucket which held water only by being tipped on one side. The wind is very strong up river, which makes it look bad for an easy trip down. We started up river for Billums' house. I have not seen the Indian, Tonsina George, who has promised to have a boat ready here for me on the river, but I shall probably buy one of the two Indian boats above and try to start down the river in the morning.

"We arrived at Billums' about six o'clock, but it was so dirty near his house that we went back to the bluff into a burned clearing to get a clean place to pitch our tent. Tonsina George is here now, but some one has scared him about going down the river. Two Indians who went down last year never came back. After supper, I had a long talk with Douglas Billums and tried to buy the boat from him. He wants \$102.

"Thursday, July 11. Cloudy and cool. I got up early today and went down to see the Chief. I offered him \$75 for his boat and also offered to pay Douglas \$5 per day to go with me. The whole tribe came out and held on to Douglas and cried over him when they thought he was going. The Indians saw a dead raven on the river this morning, and all

the Siwashes said, 'River, hello, bad.' They are superstitious about what they see floating down the river and claim that if much drift comes down, the river is rising very rapidly. They sit by the river all day and will not help any one across unless it seems to be the right moment. A boat-load of Indians was drowned at the foot of the bluff, in front of Billums' house, a little while ago, when their boat struck a rock that was hidden by the turbid water.

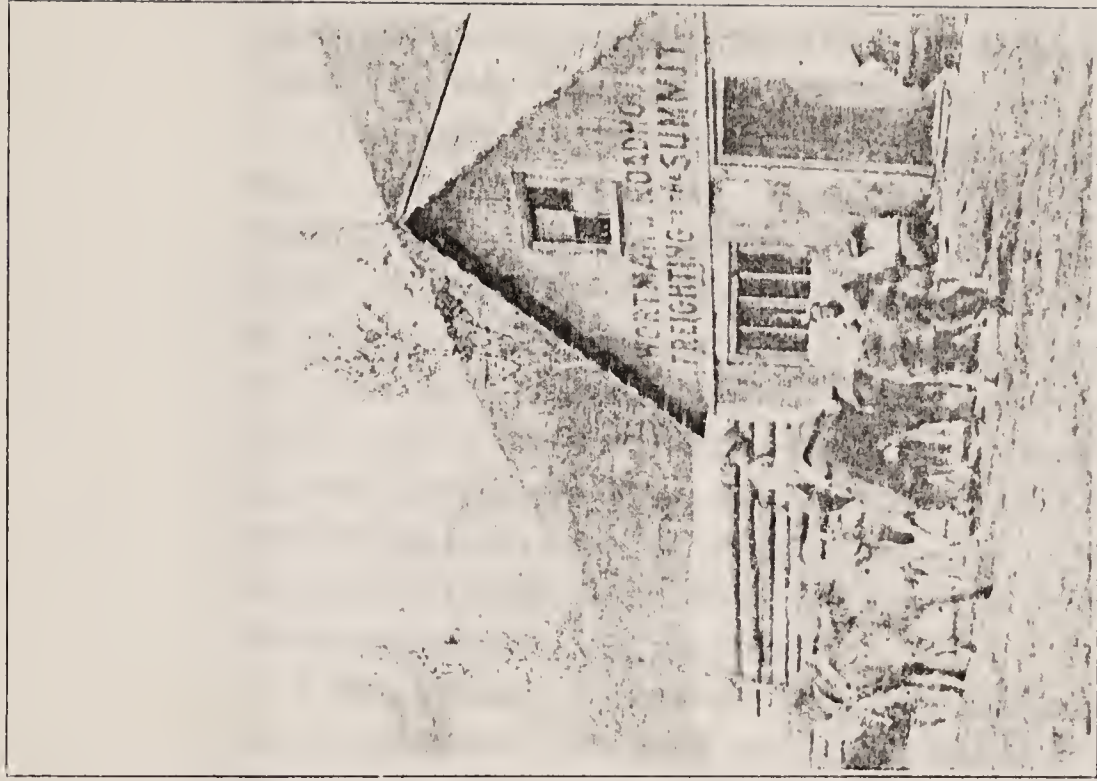
"The color of the water in this river is very different from that seen in lower latitudes. It is glacier water and has a white, grayish tinge, which is caused by the gravel and sediment. One can hear the gravel and sand continually boiling against the side of the boat.

"Finally, at 8:45, I induced the Chief, Douglas, and George, to start with us and go at least as far as their winter camp, five miles down the river. The wind was blowing hard, and the Indians were melodramatic about the way they handled the boat. The current swept us down to the winter camp in about forty minutes in spite of the very high wind, which made it necessary for the Indians to row this leaky old tub in order to be able to steer it away from the rocks and gravel bars. I had finally given Billums \$75 and taken the boat. He did not know what a bill bigger than a \$5 one meant. As we had nothing to cook with, I bought his teapot, which was an ancestral possession given him by his dead brother. I gave him two pounds of tea for it.

"When I landed at the winter camp, I had a discussion with the Indians and tried to persuade them to go down the river with us, but they told me the river below would be very rough because of the heavy wind blowing against the current.



Indians at Copper River Ferry, Alaska. Chief Billiams (left), from whom Briggs obtained the boat for his trip down the Copper River. These Indians are among the last survivors of the Copper River tribe.



Wortman's Roadhouse where Briggs passed the night on his way out to the coast.

"The Indians offered us salmon which they had dipped out of the river with baskets, but the fish did not look fresh to me, though I bought one for fifty cents, and it tasted quite good. The Indian name for food is *muck-a-muck*, though I think they only use that name for dried salmon.

"We finally left the Indians behind, and Hansen, Charlie and I started rowing down the river. We rowed for five hours today. We passed the mouth of the Kotsina, but it did not make any appreciable difference in the huge volume of the Copper River. However, the Chitina, which we next came to, was very high, and the water from it flowed so swiftly that it seemed to flow in a layer entirely over the Copper River. Our boat, as we came into it, was carried over to the right hand bank for at least a mile and a half. Charlie asked me if I could swim, and when I said, 'Yes,' he said, in a discouraged way, 'Me no swim.'

"I met Tommy Blakely at Toral and almost persuaded him to go down river with me. As he had been part way down once, I was very anxious to get the benefit of his knowledge, for the canyons are sometimes dangerous in this high water; there is, also, no way of telling when we get to the rapids. I offered Blakely \$100 to go down river, but he claimed he had something more important to do. I tried to get one of the Indians to go with me, but no offers of good food or good pay could induce them to go down. Wood's Canyon is right below here, and we are going to start, Indians or no Indians.

"We found the water in Wood's Canyon high. Except for the eddies, which sometimes swung our boat completely around, there was no trace of rocks, particularly near the surface. At times, when the current drove the stones and

pebbles against the side of the boat, it sometimes seemed to us that we were very close to hidden rocks. The scenery in the canyon is magnificent. The mountains rise directly from the canyon, and the snow on their sides makes them loom very large.

"We got through the canyon without any mishap, by keeping well in the middle and rowing hard. There was one very abrupt turn where the tremendous body of water of the river was crowded into a width of less than 150 feet. Here the narrowness of the river forced the river up into a high level along the sides of the rock. When out of the wind and the waves, the surface of the river was very peculiar because of the different levels of water made by many obstructions in the river bed. At places, where the wind struck the water, the waves were so high that our boat, which was 22 feet long, slapped and bounded like a dory on the ocean.

"Harold is getting a bit discouraged, and Charlie also, mainly because of the lack of the teapot which Chief Billums finally stole out of the boat just before we started. However, we can cook very well in a condensed milk can and eat with our pocket-knives.

"Harold came into the tent tonight and borrowed my rifle to shoot at two mallard ducks which were sitting in the water just below the tent. He did not hit them.

"Friday, July 12. Very rainy today. We got a good early start but are soaked through. The wind is still strong, and it makes one cold when he is wet. I am looking for the little steamer which was carried in here in sections last winter and which cost the Guggenheims \$75,000.

"At noon I saw something which looked to me like a smoke-stack right beside a point of land. In about an hour's

time we found the small steamer, named 'Chitina.' It was about ready to start up the river. We landed beside it, and I talked with the three white men who were in charge of her. Captain George L. Hill was in a great state of nervous excitement and cursed and raved over his luck of being carried into this country. I gave the Captain all my extra food and my boat, as I find it impossible to guide it over the rapids below here. Charlie has decided to stay with the steamer, so I gave him \$10 and was glad to be rid of him. The steamer¹⁸ started up river on her maiden trip amid fuss and worry and black clouds of mosquitoes. The Captain cried but apologized later for his nervousness, saying it was the mosquitoes. He seemed to have an entirely unfounded fear that his wife was coming to get him.

"Harold and I were left alone on the bank with a man named Lang, who has remained in charge of the steamer supplies which were stored at this point. We shall now have to walk about 35 miles over to the Government trail and carry our food on our backs. We shall start in the morning to walk up the Tasnuna River over the pass and down to Lowe River, in the hope that we will strike the Government trail again at Wortman's. The mountains on either side of us are marked 'unexplored' on the Government chart. I hear that there is good shooting in them. The Indian Goodletaw has been bringing in sheep and goat meat every few days. I was sorry to leave the boat here. I have christened it the 'Maybe,' for various reasons.

[18] The "Chitina" was used to deliver materials and supplies for the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad. She was 110 feet long. Her steering-wheel was braced with iron straps. She had six auxiliary rudders beneath her wheel, and drew but 14 inches.

"Two Japanese boys, who have been cooking for Captain Hill, have decided to walk with us over the pass to Wortman's. They tried to start alone this afternoon, but Lang refused to let them take a boat, and they would surely have been drowned, with or without a boat, unless they waited for Lang to show them the way.

"Saturday, July 13. Fine weather today. The wind has died down. We started early and waded in the river, dragging the boat against the swift current of the Tasnuna River. The views are beautiful, and the colors are intense in the bright sun. There are three enormous glaciers in sight at once. Lang got into the boat and let the horse swim in the river behind. We swam the horse five times. Lang has agreed to let me take the horse to carry our blankets and food, although he has no saddle or bridle. He wishes to get rid of the horse, anyhow, because the poor old brute has nothing to eat in this country. I have promised to give him my rifle if he will go along to guide us, but, although he accepted the rifle, he backed out at the last moment.

"Later I heard that Lang had shot a brown grizzly bear with the small 30-30 Winchester rifle. The bear had been hanging around camp, and Lang was afraid that the bear would destroy all his provisions.

"We made only eight miles today, because most of the way we had to wade and pull the boat behind us against a very swift current. Numerous streams from the glacier, which run in at right angles to the main Tasnuna, made the work particularly hard. The sand and stones, shifting under foot, made it necessary to wade up the smaller streams until it was possible to cross them. Then we went down on the other bank to the main river, then up the main river to the

mouth of the next small stream. We must have repeated this process fifteen times before we arrived at the foot of the big Schwann Glacier at about four o'clock in the afternoon. We crossed the river, for the last time, to find a camping place, but could not find a good place. We finally pitched our tent underneath an overhanging bluff, after cutting away some alder roots, and made the best of a very damp situation.

"Sunday, July 14. A beautiful, fair day, but surprisingly hot. We travelled but seven miles altogether, largely because of our horse. Lang turned back here to the Copper River camp, and Harold and I and the two Jap boys started ahead together to make the trip over the pass in an attempt to strike the Government trail which we knew was somewhere to the southwest. The Jap boys each carried a bundle; it was sad to see them forced to throw away their valuables one by one. Our trail is merely the bed of the Tasnuna River, which is quite small when one gets above the Schwann Glacier. The hot weather today, however, made the river rise five or six feet when the sun melted the snowslides on both sides of the valley. We saw many bear tracks, one ptarmigan, and also a number of young wild ducks that did not seem to be at all afraid of us.

"I fell down and nearly broke my wrist on some rocks when I was trying to cross a gully. It is not pleasant forcing one's way through the high weedy undergrowth, which is steaming hot and wet. The nettles and Devil's club are rough on one's hands.

"Our horse is getting very lame. I had to keep Harold from trying to pare down his hoofs with our axe, which is about as blunt as it could be. Having no pack-saddle or harness for the horse, we were obliged to repack our luggage

on him five times before we got over the first mile, all of which had to be done in the most awkward places, standing in the water or on a steep hillside, or in the dense brush, and we finally threw away a great many of the things which would not stay on the horse, notably our axe. Altogether, we repacked the horse twelve or fourteen times today.

"We went though some fine pasturage today. If it were not for the daily rains, it would be possible to get some splendid hay here. Hay is worth \$80 per ton in this country. It began to rain this afternoon as usual. The Jap boys came through this pass on the way going in, in the winter, when the snow was about twenty feet deep.

"We were finally forced to camp tonight by a stream which was roaring down the mountain. It was absolutely impossible to cross today, because of the growing darkness; moreover, the sun had melted the snow so quickly on the mountains above us, that there was no chance of fording the stream.

"We got up next morning at four o'clock in the rain. Dick, the horse, which we had left to pick up some food for himself, had decamped in the night and had gone back several miles to the good pasturage I spoke of, before we caught him.

"We finally drove old Dick into the stream which had not gone down as much as we hoped. The moment the water got up above his knees, he was swept down and rolled over, and sank in the very middle of the stream. He was washed against some boulders and stood there with his head just out of the water, unable to move. The horse was plunging down, and I feared he would be carried into the canyon below. The current again rolled him over with our valuables

hanging under his legs. Because the horse was not able to get any footing, Harold got out on some rocks near him and, in spite of all my shouting to him, cut everything loose, and our tent, blankets, and food were all swept down the stream, over the canyon, and into the main river.

"Harold went down the river after the things and spent three hours hunting for them. He finally came back without anything but one of my small bags which, fortunately, had the camera and ore samples. I finally succeeded in pulling the horse out of the river by rolling down a great many of the boulders so that he could climb over them. A horse in this country has got to be able to climb about as well as a dog. We started to push ahead again about noon, but were discouraged, as we did not know how many miles we had ahead of us, did not know where we were going, and had nothing to eat. Harold had nothing left except his overalls and shoes, having lost all his money, his naturalization papers, and his pay-checks.

"The Jap boys were terribly discouraged over the loss of the food which the horse had been carrying for all of us and, as they were cooks by profession, they now felt out of their element. About four hours later, we came to a stream where we saw some king salmon. They were very handsome fish—bright red, with green heads and tails. They did not seem to be forcing their way up the stream, but were lying together in a shoal. If we had had anything to catch them with we should have been glad to do so, but we could not catch them with our bare hands, for this stream was too big for us to be able to chase them up near the bank.

"We knew that we were now on a new stream, but did not guess for quite a long while that this was really the Lowe

River. Harold and I finally disagreed as to which way to go, and he struck off to the right on a little expedition of his own. I sat down and waited, feeling sure that he would come back, as I thought the prospects in his direction were no good at all.

"Harold and I finally started off walking again down this second stream. This was our only way of telling in the dark what the correct direction should be. I drank up practically the whole of a bottle of spirits of ammonia, which did me a great deal of good. Finally, right in the middle of a thicket of cottonwood trees, I saw a wire strung along through their tops. I felt thankful, as I knew this must be the main Government telegraph line between Valdez and Fairbanks.

"About 10 o'clock, we struck an old deserted cabin which had been used by the Government surveyors when constructing the telegraph line. About a mile from this cabin, I struck the Government trail. I stood still and clapped my hands for about five minutes. Harold came along with the horse. I told him that I now knew exactly where I was, but he did not feel so encouraged as I did until about half an hour later when I showed him the lights of Wortman's road-house. We went in and sat down by the stove. Then each of us had a good drink of Wortman's whiskey and some boiled ham for supper.

"Tuesday, July 16. Still raining. Harold refuses to go any farther unless I get him a horse to ride. I told him that he could rent one from Magnesson. We stayed in bed until 12 o'clock the next day. When the time came to start, Harold had not rented a horse because Wortman's horse had strayed off into the underbrush. I got a saddle for Dick and gave him to Harold to ride while I rented a three-legged mule from Magnesson.

"We left Wortman's at 3:30 this afternoon, starting down the Government trail. We were very glad to be at last on a highway, though when I rode on it before, I thought it a miserable excuse for a trail. We went down through the canyon of the Lowe River, and across some snowslides. When I got off the mule, on account of the rain, to put on my rubber coat, he wheeled around and trotted back along the trail for home. It took me about an hour to catch him.

"We arrived at Camp Comfort at 7:00 p. m. and had a splendid supper and a game of whist. Here we were told that the glacier streams in the ten miles still left between us and the seacoast were too deep to cross, so I went to the telegraph station and wired into Valdez for a good horse to be sent out.

"Wednesday, July 17. Very heavy rain. We are back on the coast and can notice the difference in the climate, which is milder and more rainy. The streams are very high, and the grass along their banks is higher than the saddle. The rank-smelling weeds through which we pushed are above our heads.

"Thursday, July 18. It was sunny until noon. I talked with Hubbard and Captain Hartman. The latter says that the Guggenheims must use the railroad trail or the Government will condemn it for a wagon road.

"Everyone I see is glad to hear that the steamer on the Copper River is really finished and in operation. I am the first and only person who has seen it.

"Friday, July 19. Rain again. Harold Hanson will rest here three or four days; then I shall give him a good horse and send him back again along the Government trail.

"Saturday, July 20. The weather opened fair. The steamer

'Santa Clara,' a very small boat, came in today from the south, and she will go westward from here, and will not return until the 24th, when I shall start south again for civilization.

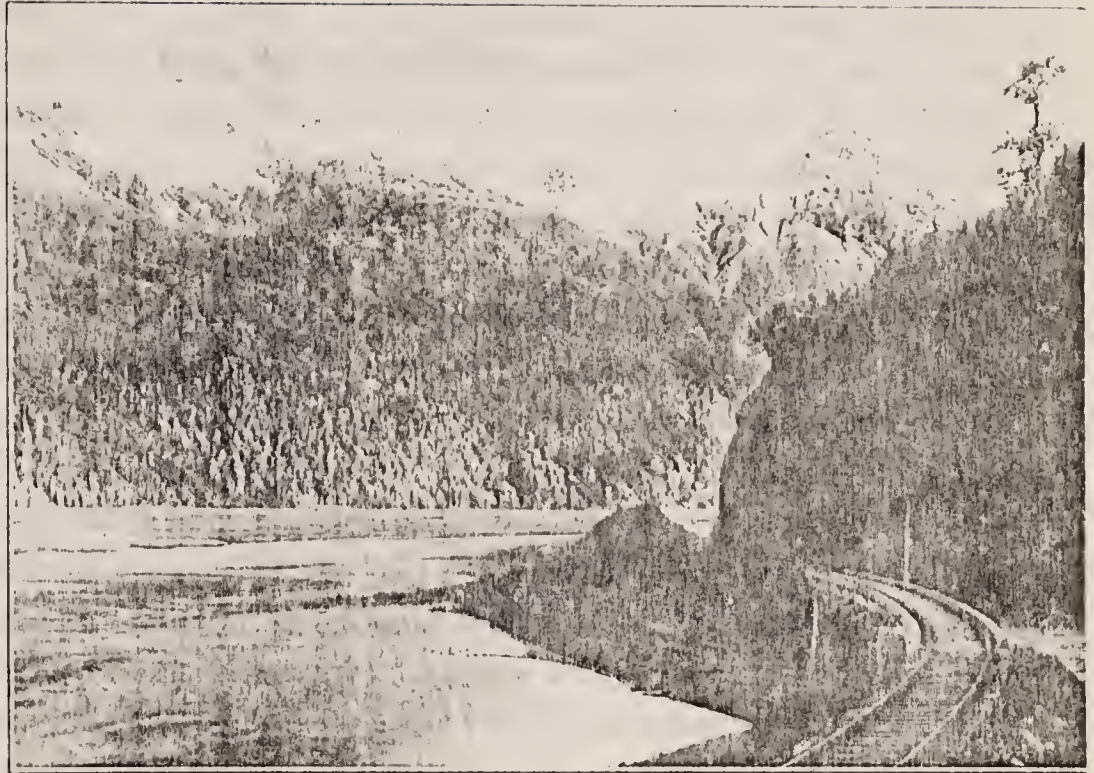
"Sunday, July 21. Early this morning I was awakened in my boarding-house by hearing a man away out on the sand-bars shouting. I found out that this man, whom I had heard calling for help, had started off alone riding the same mule I had had. He had gone only half a mile from town when the mule fell down with him, and the man's leg was broken in two places.

"I went to church tonight. We had a good congregation of about twenty people, which was all that could possibly be crowded in. The windows of the church measured about two feet, and there were only four of them.

"Monday, July 22. Raining hard. The stream from the glacier back of the town has everyone scared to death. Some people say that the whole town will be washed to sea. It flowed over the main street and washed away five or six houses, some of which were blown up to remove the obstructions to the water, which certainly does flow fast. The flood is spoiling the new steamer pier by washing down so much of the moraine that the water gets too shallow out at the end of the pier for the steamers to come up there.

"Wednesday, July 24. Cloudy and cold. At 9:45 tonight I sail for home on the 'Santa Clara.' The Captain of this vessel looks like a mere boy. He is only twenty-four years old. He nearly ran his boat on the rocks on the way up."

In 1910, four years after the expedition described in my father's diary, he made another trip to Alaska for my grand-



Copper River and Northwestern Railway along the banks of the Copper River, Alaska

father. My mother, my brother, aged ten, and I, aged nine, accompanied him. Our trip from Cordova, Alaska, into Gray's Camp was less difficult than my father's trip in 1906 had been, because of the completion of the new \$20,000,000 Copper River and Northwestern Railway, built by the Morgans and the Guggenheims. It was understood that passengers rode at their own risk on this railroad, as it was not yet considered safe. It was an exciting adventure to ride over its uneven and shaky rails. In places the tracks crossed moving glaciers; trestle bridges spanned raging floods; the train went through tunnels that in places were still caving in, and were not yet safe. We rode in the caboose, and I remember a brakeman stood ready at the wheel and braked our car around the curves. The climax of our trip came while crossing the Copper River, when we were ordered to stand on the back platform and to be ready to jump in case the train should go through the bridge, as it had done before on several occasions.

A few weeks later, when the first load of copper was being shipped out from Kennecott, my father, who was riding in the caboose, narrowly escaped injury when the brakes refused to hold, and the train ran away and jumped the tracks on a curve. In the caboose, which did not leave the rails, my father was lying on the floor with his feet braced against the wall watching the stove to see that it did not turn over on him. The engine toppled over on its stack, and the ore cars were overturned. The fireman and the engineer jumped but were badly burned.

Twelve years later, in 1922, I went to Alaska again with my father and my friend, Douglas Parshall. On a hunting trip, northwest of Green Butte, Douglas and I each bagged

a mountain-sheep. Going through Fourth of July Pass, we also fired some hurried shots at an enormous brown bear with two cubs. In a lake off the highway from Chitna to Fairbanks, Douglas and I had some fine fishing. The lake was surrounded by swamps, which were hard to get through, and the giant mosquitoes swarmed about us, but the trout were so plentiful that we hooked one on nearly every cast. Our largest fish weighed eleven and a half pounds, but the Indians claimed that trout had been caught in that lake that weighed fifty pounds.



Briggs' and Kellers' pack-train returning to Copper Mountain from Kotsina, Alaska, 19



Gray's Camp at Copper Mountain, Alaska. Author's brother, Morton Briggs (at left), and author and his mother standing by log-cabin. A month later this camp was demolished by a snowslide which killed six miners and closed the mine permanently.



Wreck of runaway ore train on Copper River and Northwestern Railroad near Kennecott Glacier, McCarthy, Alaska, 1910.



Last Days

MY grandfather's last days were spent largely in Southern California. In the winter he stayed at the Hotel Biltmore in Los Angeles for ten or twelve years, where he had his nephews Jim and Harry Gaskill with him constantly and also his chauffeur, George. He became a well known figure to every one in the hotel. In the spring he went to visit his daughter Grace at Pass Christian, Mississippi, and in the summer he went to New York and visited his daughter Rachel in the Adirondacks. In 1922, I remember, he made a visit to my family in Berkeley. He often went to ball games and track meets with me and showed a great interest in the life of the University of California.

Grandfather did not like to think of himself as old. He liked young people better than people of his own age, and often called a person younger than himself "an old man."

He did not like to "reminisce." His interest was in the present and in the future, and he thought it was a sign of old age to talk of the past. It irked him to be a grandfather. He always thought of himself as young. His dislike for gray hair was very pronounced. He often touched his own up with pomade to make it look darker than it really was, and his room was redolent of hair tonics and oils.

That Grandfather liked young people can be seen from the following letter, which illustrates his concern for his grandchildren and his interest in their doings:

Hotel Lorraine, Fifth Avenue,
New York, January 26, 1926

My dear May:

I live and *thrive* among sickness! No sooner shot off Bob for New Orleans than Major John came down trailing for New Haven (who went back to Buffalo last night), and Rachel now "happily" entrenched at Taft Hotel, serving as last nurse for her big and splendid boy!

For months I have had crises: Bob, Phillips, Elizabeth, and Jack. No one left except A. D. P., Jr. He spent Sunday with me; he is a big six-footer, and brave "scholar"—among first ten, really quite a mixer—has big friends, who are very fond of him. We had a lovely day together. He writes very easily and strongly on any subject; when Harvard Law School gets through with him, a big bunch of Princeton law firms here are wild for him, for the sake of A. D., Sr., and for himself. He will graduate at twenty-four.

I begin to think I'll be here possibly till the last of February; then go to New Orleans and Pass Christian for the sun. I am wonderfully comfortable and hire (cheaply) a fine new

Packard car. For two hours daily, or nearly two hours daily, except Sunday, I am under 1000 candle power electricity. Now quite strong, but was pretty wretched through September, October, and November.

Jim has been to Ajo, and am mailing Walter his fine report. Ajo is a gem. Love to you all.

Your father,

J. Phillips.

While Bob was ill, had about the entire rear of my floor filled. Happy, too.

An outstanding characteristic of my grandfather was his gregariousness. Any lack of company made him feel lonely, and he wanted people around him whether they were his friends or not. In the last days of his life, he did not want to be left alone, and he wished his nephew, Jim Gaskill, or his chauffeur, George, with him constantly. He craved the physical nearness of somebody. The country was too lonely for him and he was at home only in the city when surrounded by the clanging of street cars and the roar of the traffic. In the last few years of his life, he went for a daily automobile drive, and he always chose the most crowded and active streets in Los Angeles, usually Wilshire Boulevard. If he got off on a street where there was little traffic, he would ask if it was Sunday, and say, "I want to drive where I can see some life."

Of my grandfather's not liking to be left alone, an amusing incident is related which took place once while he was visiting his daughter Grace at Pass Christian, Mississippi. One evening his daughter had to go over to New Orleans, sixty miles away, to meet her husband, and left Grandfather

alone for the evening. She joined her husband for dinner at Antoine's, a down-town restaurant. In the middle of the meal, who should appear but my grandfather. He had found out where they were dining and had come sixty miles to avoid being alone for even a single evening.

In his last days, reading was about his only recreation. He enjoyed detective stories and Wilkie Collins; Read's *Cloister and the Hearth*, and Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* were especial favorites. As an old newspaper man, he was a great reader of papers, and he read all the editions of the local papers every day.

As a young man, Grandfather was athletic and strong, and he was always vigorous and young-looking until his last illness. He enjoyed good health most of his life, although he had some severe illnesses, through which his extraordinary vitality pulled him after doctors had definitely given him up. His marvelous recuperative power, his optimism, and his great will power seemed extraordinary to his doctors and family alike. Moreover, he showed great patience and gentleness during his long illness until the end.

Though he was confined to hotel and hospital rooms for a number of years in the last part of his life, Grandfather kept up his interest in outside affairs. The careers of his friends, Frank W. Stearns and William M. Butler, under the Coolidge administration, were of particular interest to him, as may be seen from the following telegram:

September 17, 1924

To Frank W. Stearns, Boston, Mass.

My dear Stearns: My principal happiness consists of reading daily the splendid work of yourself and Butler. In-



James Phillips, Jr., aged eighty-two, Los Angeles, California, 1930.

deed Butler and Stearns make a wonderful working team, and I can feel nothing but success for your devoted labors. When you see William please give him my love and unlimited congratulations. The same applies to you personally. It makes me additionally happy to see you both stand your great fight and its responsibilities so well. With renewed thanks, I am affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. Phillips, Jr.

Another telegram from Grandfather to his friend Stearns is also interesting:

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

For F. W. Stearns:

I am heartily in approval of you and your associate (Butler) confining our candidate (Coolidge) to fit opportunities to speak, such as at Philadelphia, etc. These long tours, as talked of to me by McKinley and Harrison, are not happy, and the necessity (almost) of a complete change of subjects for discussion, city to city, is an enormous task for our dear friend (Coolidge), who has undergone such a harrowing ordeal this year.¹⁹ Every time he speaks, respect and admiration for him grow. The opportunities will come along as rapidly as he can wish for. And—he stands there at Washington, meeting every care of government, faithful to his charge.

Yours faithfully,
James Phillips, Jr.

My grandfather's friendship for Senator William M.

[19] The death of his son, Calvin.

Butler, a lifetime friend of his, is clearly evident from this letter he wrote to his daughter, May:

Hotel Lorraine, Fifth Avenue,
New York, August 8th, 1923

My dear May,

Butler is to be the "big swan," politically, in our country and closest man to the new President. Coolidge called him down for conference; and our friend has a suite next to the President. Probably he will make big national man of B. and the family will be included. Well, he is a good friend and an able man, and he likes "our family."

No special news from the North except fair showing of "milling ore." There is scarcely time yet for important events. It is very hot here, but I try to keep free from troubles and worries. I am pretty well. Love to you all.

Your fond father,

J. Phillips.

Grandfather wrote frequently to his daughters and grandchildren, and sent them many cheerful, happy letters and many remembrances up to within a short time of his death.

In return, he received many letters from his family, and was always well posted on their latest news. A letter from his grandson, Arthur, quoted here, shows how well he was kept informed with his grandchildren's doings.

Boston Club, New Orleans
March 26, 1930

Dear Grandfather:

Last week end, Mother, my brothers, and I were over

at the Pass, and went fishing up Wolf River. We were thinking of the many trips you took with us to the same place when my father was alive. Do you recall how you used to put up a dollar on the biggest fish and a dollar on the most, and how we would work like slaves from dawn until dark in order to be rich and independent by nightfall? We had some luck, caught fifteen green trout (black bass)—at least enough for the next day's meals—and had no end of fun. It was one of those remarkably cold, clear days, that Father would have enjoyed so much.

The Carnival season here is over, as you doubtless know; Sister's debut is completed—she is "on the shelf," as she phrases it, but, nevertheless, seems to have the usual gang of dancing males around the house at all hours. She is very busy now with the Junior League and is in several acts of the annual performance. I, myself, am in one act, playing a guitar.

Life here pursues its usual tenor. I know you will be glad to hear that Mother looks extremely well and seems to get a great deal out of life, particularly when she is at the Pass. Every one else in the family is well. Phip is doing well in the Tichenor Company; Bob, our big executive in Parker-Blake, is continually rushing to New York and Chicago for conferences with the McKesson and Robbins officials.

Last Sunday, Bob was low medalist in the city golf club championship tournament. Curiously, he and Phil drew each other in the first round; so one of the two must necessarily be eliminated by the end of the week.

As I wrote you, I invested the Christmas present you sent me in a long gun barrel for the duck-shooting season

next year. My gun, which is a very good one, has a twenty-six inch barrel, excellent for quail and general brush shooting, but not sufficiently long for ducks. I am now looking forward to the first crack I can get at them with the new barrel, however, which will be thirty inches long, long enough for any decent shot, I am told.

Give my best very regards to Cousin Jim, Uncle Walter, and family. We hope that at least some of them can come through here soon, as this is really the ideal time of year in New Orleans—warm, but not hot. I trust that you are continuing to enjoy good health.

Your devoted grandson,
Arthur, Jr.

Grandfather was visited often by his daughters and their husbands, as well as by his grandchildren and by two of his great-grandchildren, Phillips and Tommy Briggs.

Many of his friends visited him, among whom were Dean McCormack, of St. Paul's church, Los Angeles, Dr. L. D. Ricketts, of Pasadena, and Fred W. Bradley, of San Francisco (mining associates of his), and Michael Curley, present Ajo superintendent of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation.

In his last days, Grandfather was handicapped greatly by deafness, an affliction that he said originated from the noise in his woolen mills. Because of his deafness, it was necessary for his visitors to speak to him in a loud tone.

George Asplund, his chauffeur and valet, attended him devotedly for thirty years. He was regarded almost as a member of the family and had a hand in bringing up all the grandchildren. During Grandfather's last illness, George would sit in his room day after day and perform many tiring

and monotonous little tasks with great devotion.

The loyalty and affection shown by Jim and Harry Gaskill, who were always with Grandfather in his last days, should also be mentioned. Fitting appreciation of their devotion is expressed by his daughter Grace, who wrote Mother as follows:

"They (Harry, Jim, and George) have been on a long strain, and we can never forget their devotion, loyalty, and kindness to Father."

It is no marvel that a man who had ceaselessly toiled and had driven his mind and body as he had done, should find his strength and iron constitution failing him in his last years. He died in his eighty-third year in the California Lutheran Hospital at Los Angeles on August 30, 1931, following a series of heart attacks. The funeral services were held on September 5, in Trinity Church, Boston. The pallbearers were former United States Senator William M. Butler, former Assistant Attorney General Charles Warren, Gerry B. Bartlett, Kendall C. Crocker, and Dr. E. A. Codman. The Rev. William C. Gardner, Assistant Rector, officiated. Grandfather was buried in Forest Hills Cemetery, Forest Hills, Massachusetts, beside the grave of his wife.

Appendix

At the close of this biography, it seems fitting to quote from a few of the many letters written as tributes to Grandfather. The first is a letter by Senator William M. Butler, a life-long friend of my grandfather:

August twenty-second, 1935

Mr. James Phillips, Jr., came into my life about 1895, when I met him in company with friends for the first time.

I was immediately drawn to him, and cultivated his acquaintance. His whole contact brought with it a kindly spirit. His essential effect upon those with whom he came in contact was one of friendliness, and unselfish interest.

In all my acquaintance with him I have no recollection of even an unpleasant word. He had not a word of criticism, not even a harsh observation, about anything or anybody.

He was a manly man, but he had the sweetest disposition of any man I ever knew.

I have been asked to write something about Mr. Phillips in his political interests.

He knew many important and highly-placed men in public affairs, Presidents, Governors, Senators; he had influential relations with such men. He undoubtedly aided by advice and suggestions and helpful assistance such men, but never a word of self-aggrandizement in it all. He never sought public office, and shunned publicity in these things.

He had a profound interest in the affairs and institutions of his country, and while he was extremely interested in public matters, he was an exceptionally fine businessman.

He had an appreciation of the finer ethics of business. I remember some of the occasions when this was manifest. He insisted upon these things in his own relations, and in the relations of others.

It would be quite natural in reviewing a man's life to forget some of the things which contributed to his success, for Mr. Phillips was successful in the things he sought, but I would emphasize his diligence; he was an untiring worker, with all his other splendid qualities. This characteristic of him, coupled with his charming personality, and his insistence upon accomplishment, could but carry him to success.

I would like to write of his unselfish interest and his willing helpfulness to others, time and time again evident, but not exhibited, or spoken of.

His was a rare spirit, and is it any wonder that when I am asked to write about the man, of his politics and his ordinary business contacts, my mind and heart would rather emphasize him as a great friend and fine spirit.

One of the last meetings I had with him was in the Spring of 1927, at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel. I was then on a political journey, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee. The Republicans of Los Angeles gave me a splendid reception and banquet at the Hotel, but the fine thing about it all was that it gave me an opportunity to meet Mr. Phillips, who was then impaired in health.

My meeting was a delightful occasion. He was the same thoughtful, kindly spirit, interested in public affairs, interested in all his old friends, and anxious even then to be of service.

IN MEMORIAM



Grace Morton Parker

1879-1935



Arthur Devereux Parker

1872-1928

He knew of the work in which I was engaged, for it was in a political period; a President was in the making, and the outcome meant a profound influence upon the affairs of the country. My visit to him was a benediction.

I speak of this for it evidences the kind of an influence Mr. Phillips had upon people and affairs.

The passing of this fine spirit was a loss to his times, and I felt that I had indeed lost a friend.

WILLIAM M. BUTLER

Miss Heloise E. Hersey, prominent lecturer in English literature, whose boarding school in Boston my mother and her sister, Rachel, attended, wrote as follows of Grandfather:

"What a cheerful, wholesome, optimistic factor he was to all who were so fortunate as to know him. There is no father of whom I like better to think. He was always ready to fall in with any plan we had to help make you girls into women.

"I recall today a long talk I had with you and with him about your putting aside your black clothes after your mother's death. He was so *right-minded* about all such matters. I hope you are not wrapping yourself in black clothing or in gloom now for him. He would want your life to be the richer and the more cheerful because he has entered 'into the rest that remaineth for good men and women.' "

Judge Michael J. Murray of the Municipal Court of the city of Boston, a close friend of Grandfather's, wrote the following letter about him:

"Mr. James Phillips was my very dear friend. I knew him well and intimately for many years, and like to think of him

now as one of the finest types of American citizenship. I want his children and grandchildren to know something which I was not at liberty to divulge during his days on earth. He was one of the kindest and most charitable men that I ever met. On many an occasion he has placed in my hands money to be given to those in want and distress, with his continuous injunctions that under no circumstances was the name of the donor to be made known to the individuals thus helped. So that all that I was at liberty to say in performing my errand of mercy was that I was not the person bestowing the kindness and was not at liberty to disclose his name. I like to think of Mr. Phillips, too, as a rare quantity in another respect. He was the first business man I ever knew to take over and control a newspaper, the *New York Press*, and do so successfully. His best friends were those who knew him longest."

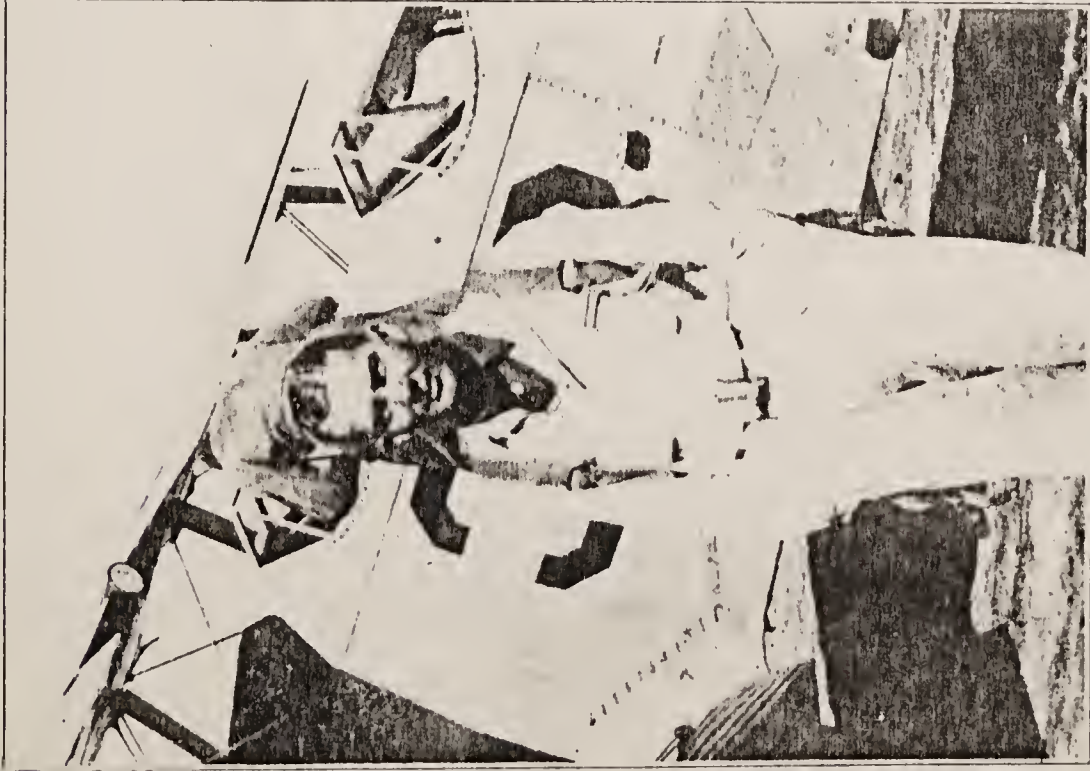
Jessie Gaskill Wheelock, Grandfather's niece, who was an invalid most of her life, expressed her appreciation of her uncle as follows:

"I often wonder what would have become of me if it hadn't been for Uncle James' generosity in sending me to Saranac and his help later. I can truly say he is the finest man I have ever known."

A letter from Gerry B. Bartlett, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, Grandfather's brother-in-law, testifies his great admiration for him:

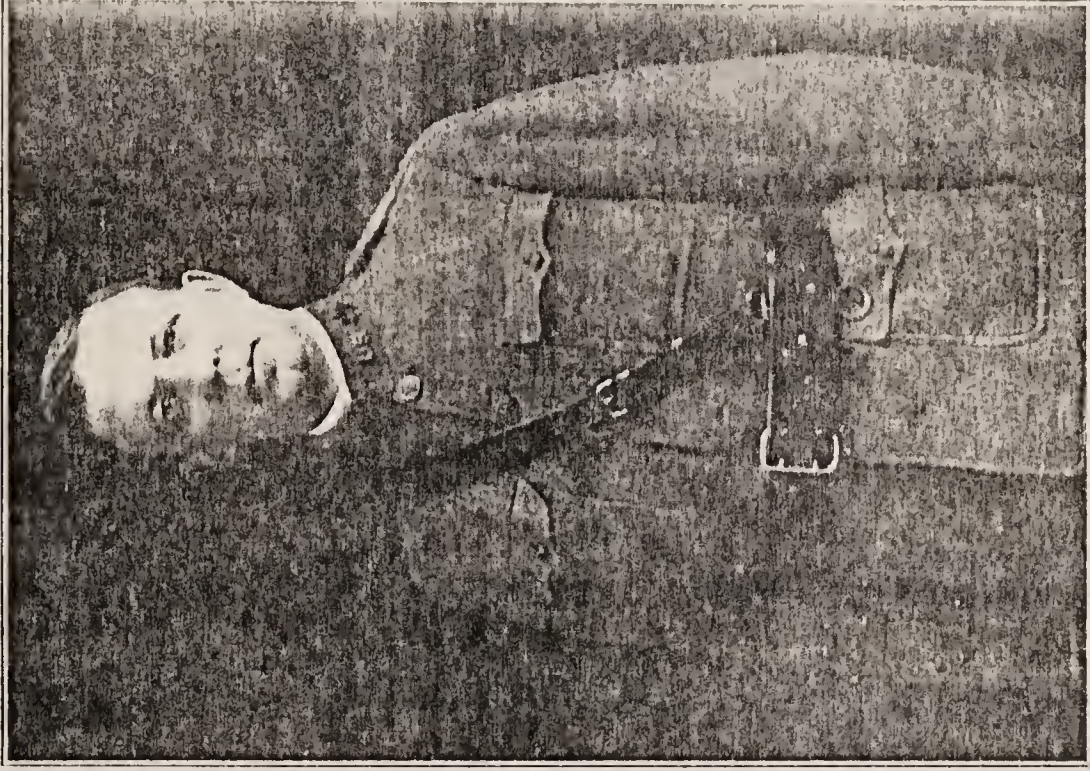
"I always admired and loved your father very much. He was a wonderful man and it was a great pleasure to be associated with him. I always felt it a great loss when, after so many years of close companionship, the business changes came so that I could not be with him nor see him so often

IN MEMORIAM



*Arthur Devereux Parker, Jr., 1904-1932
Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army Air Corps. Killed in the line
of duty at San Antonio, Texas, May 12, 1932.*

"Ad astra per aspera"



*Major John M. Satterfield
1876-1932*

as formerly. But I ever looked forward to seeing him and did so whenever I could. It will be another world without him.

“It seems a great pity that such a useful and great life has to end. He lived much longer than the average man, but his going was a distinct loss to the world and a grievous one to us who knew him so well and loved him so much.”



*This edition is limited to one hundred and fifty copies
printed at the Grubhorn Press, San Francisco,
in October, 1935.*

